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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
IN FORTY VOLUMES

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**Editor's Autograph Edition**

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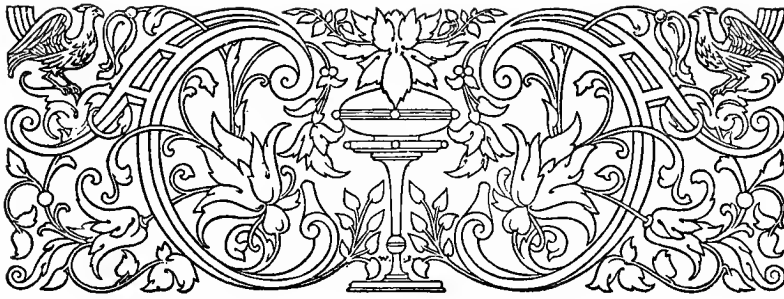












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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND  
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION  
BY SIDNEY LEE

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VOLUME XXVI

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KING HENRY VIII

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY EDWARD DOWDEN  
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY F. C. COWPER



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NEW YORK GEORGE D. SPROUL MCMVIII

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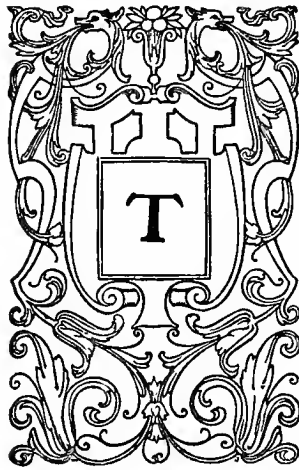
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## INTRODUCTION



THE Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight" was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it brings to a close the series of Shakespeare's English historical plays. The text appears to be given with a degree of accuracy not commonly found in the First Folio.

Differences of opinion as to the date at which the play was written exist among critics. Malone believed that it belonged, in part at least, to the year 1603, while Queen Elizabeth was still living; the panegyric of the queen uttered by Cranmer's prophetic lips was meant, Malone supposed, for her own ears; the lines which refer to King James I were, according to his conjecture, a later addition. He argued that a eulogy of Elizabeth would have been peculiarly distasteful to her successor, the

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son of Mary Queen of Scots. But many eulogies of Elizabeth appeared during the reign of James. It is enough here to recall the fact that in 1611 the translators of the Bible coupled the name of the king in their address to him with the well-known mention of "that bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory." On the other hand it is far from likely that Elizabeth would have been gratified by the reference to herself as "an aged princess," by the homage paid in the play to the virtue of Queen Katharine of Aragon, and by the free handling of her father's motives in the matter of the divorce, and of her mother's moral pliability, which is smiled at—though in no unkindly spirit—by the writer of the third scene of the second act.

Malone supposed that among the lines added in a revision of the play after the death of Elizabeth were those which seem to refer to the colonising of Virginia :

"Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honour and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations."

"I suspect," he wrote, "that the panegyrick on the King was introduced either in the year 1606, or in 1612, when a lottery was granted expressly for the establishment of English Colonies in Virginia." But we may believe that these lines were written in 1612 or 1613 without the needless conjecture that they were "introduced." An allusion in Act V, scene 4, to the "strange Indian . . . come to court" was pointed out by Malone

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as a note of time, but he could not discover to what circumstance the allusion refers. Five Indians were brought to England in 1611; one of these, distinguished for his stature, remained in the country until 1614, and was publicly exhibited, says Halliwell-Phillipps, in various parts of London.

If we can show that a play dealing with the reign of Henry VIII was produced for the first time at the Globe Theatre in the year 1613, and that this corresponded in its general design and in details with the play printed in the First Folio, there will be little reason to doubt that the play of 1613 was that which Shakespeare's fellows gave to the reading public ten years later, or that the play was written almost immediately before it was produced on the stage. Every one acquainted with theatrical history is aware that, owing to the burning of the Globe Theatre, which furnished a striking piece of news for letter-writers of the day, these things can readily be shown. The testimony of Sir Henry Wotton, writing on July 2, 1613, to his nephew, Sir Edmund Bacon, is the most important of several such notices of the event: "Now, to let matters of State sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this Week at the Banks side. The Kings Players had a new Play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of *Henry the 8th*, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of Pomp and Majesty, even to the matting of the Stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the Guards with

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their embroidered Coats, and the like; sufficient in truth within a while to make Greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King *Henry* making a Masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the Paper, or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the Thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoak, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole House to the very ground." Wotton adds that "nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks." A manuscript letter of Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering (June 30, 1613) tells us that the fire took place "while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of Henry 8." Chamberlaine gives a similar account of the calamity in a letter (July 8, 1613) to Sir Ralph Winwood. And Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's "Chronicle," states that the house was "filled with people to behold the play videlicet of Henry the 8."

The title — probably a second title — "All is True," mentioned by Sir Henry Wotton, is referred to three times in the Prologue to the play as given in the Folio of 1623. To doubt that the play before us was the new play presented at the Globe in June, 1613, seems the very credulity of scepticism. Yet there have been doubters; and among them are Halliwell-Phillipps and Mr. Boyle. The ground of Halliwell-Phillipps's opinion seems to be that in a ballad written on the occasion of



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the burning of the Globe Theatre, it is said that "the reprobates prayed for the fool and Henry Condy" (Condell); but the reprobates may have prayed for their favourite fool, although no fool appeared in "King Henry VIII." The internal evidence supports the date generally accepted, 1612-1613. Queen Katharine, wronged yet nobly enduring injuries, is, like Queen Hermione of the "Winter's Tale," transported to the English court. The characteristics of the versification of Shakespeare's latest plays are found in parts of "King Henry VIII." The decorative splendour of the play could not have been contrived on a public stage at a much earlier date; now the pomps of court masques had reacted upon the drama of the public theatres, and had created a popular demand for spectacle which authors and managers endeavoured to gratify. The chronicle history had in a great degree fallen out of favour at this time; but a chronicle history set forth not in the old-fashioned way of "King Henry V," set forth rather with all that magnificence at which Sir Henry Wotton smiles, might delight those who, as the prologue puts it, came "to see away their shilling richly in two short hours."

In 1613 the court had been the scene of sumptuous solemnities and entertainments. The marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine had been celebrated with great ceremony. The masquers of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn reached Whitehall by water in barges, like the masquers at Cardinal Wolsey's banquet in "King Henry VIII." The masquers of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn rode to court in Indian habits,

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brandishing cane darts of the finest gold, attended by Indian slaves and Indian torch-bearers, the staves of their torches being "great canes all over gilded." Has it been ever suggested that the Indian who came to court with the long tool was one of these, and that Fletcher, after his way, could not forbear an unbecoming *double entendre*? Certainly in the spring of 1613 it may well have occurred to those who managed the Globe that the London people who could not obtain admission to Whitehall might be glad to witness a coronation, a masque, and a royal baptism upon the stage, and all at the price of a shilling. Royal persons had been the central figures in the splendid celebrations of February. Royal persons might play their parts at the Globe in June. The chronicle history might be revived for an occasion, but it should be a chronicle history in the new fashion, spectacular, dazzling, and at the same time, in order that it might not be a mere show, pathetic, presenting things

"That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high and working."

And thus "King Henry VIII" may come to have been composed.

Attention has been given by students of our drama to the influence of dramatic example. A new form of drama, a new type of character, is invented and proves popular. A score of imitative plays follows, the authors hoping by like means to capture a like popularity. "Philaster," we are told by one distinguished critic,

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introduces the new stage Romance ; and then, in a kind of gallant rivalry, "Cymbeline" is produced. Perhaps sufficient attention has not been directed to the influence of a desire for dramatic difference. Such a desire is potent with actors upon the stage. One eminent actor presents a Hamlet brimming over with tender sentiment ; the ground for such a presentation is occupied ; and the next Hamlet will be one possessed by a Berserker rage. In 1605 appeared in print a play dealing with the person and the reign of King Henry VIII, by Samuel Rowley, which bore the odd title "When You see Me, You know Me." It was a somewhat farcical play, abounding in "fool and fight" — a phrase of Fletcher's, which occurs not only in the Prologue to "King Henry VIII," but reversed ("fight and fool") in the fifth act of "Women Pleased." It paid little or no regard to historical truth or even verisimilitude. The King, disguised, comes to blows with his disreputable subject Black Will, and is for a time a prisoner in the Counter. One fool is not enough for one play, and Will Summers contends in wit with Patch. The historical play of 1613 must not repeat the fantasies and follies of Rowley ; in the Prologue the contrast is emphasised ; it is a drama

"full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow" ;

and also it is a drama in which those who give their money "out of hope they may believe" can "find truth" ; one of its titles, indeed, expresses this distinction — "All is True." Yet it should not be overlooked, on the

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other hand, that to Rowley's play the authors of "King Henry VIII" are indebted for at least one or two dramatic points; these have been noted by Karl Elze, the editor of the earlier of the two Jacobean presentations of the reign of King Henry VIII.

If the play was in part a response to the popular desire for spectacle, quickened by the ceremonies and masques, unseen by the London crowd, of February, 1613, there was need of haste to catch the enthusiasm of the moment. Two authors could produce a play faster than one. No dramatist of equal distinction had a pen more facile and fluent than that of Fletcher. But the great name in chronicle history was not "Fletcher"; it was the name of Shakespeare. It is possible — though highly doubtful — that Shakespeare and Fletcher had already worked in collaboration upon "The Two Noble Kinsmen." Shakespeare had now withdrawn from dramatic authorship, but it is at least conceivable that an urgent request made on behalf of the Globe Theatre may have induced him to lend his name to the great pageant chronicle-play, and to contribute some five or six scenes. We are in the region of conjecture, but conjectures may have their use and value, if only they are not — as too often happens — put forward in the guise of ascertained fact. It seems reasonable to suppose that Fletcher, whose relations with the stage were closer and more active than those of Shakespeare, and whose zeal of invention was at its height, while Shakespeare's had certainly declined, formed the general plan or scheme of the play. Splendid spectacle was required; he had himself, at least from

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the date of the production of "Philaster," a reputation for mastery in the pathetic and what we should now call the sentimental. He planned the whole drama in such a way that great opportunities should be given for spectacular display, and that great opportunities should be given for his own gift in moving pity and tender sentiment. The scheme of "King Henry VIII," we may say with some confidence, is one which could not have been devised by Shakespeare. It has no dramatic centre; no ascent, no culmination, no subsidence. The tragedy of Buckingham is succeeded by the tragedy of Wolsey, and this by the tragedy of Queen Katharine; then the play closes with triumphs and rejoicings. The fifth act, for one who has been deeply interested in the story of the Cardinal and the story of the Queen, is an artistic impertinence.

The only way in which unity can be educed out of the dramatic incoherence of the play is by subordinating our interest in persons to interest in an idea of national progress; but this is a way proper rather to a philosophy of history than to a work of dramatic art. If the dominant facts of the reign of Henry VIII were the ruin of feudalism, the growth of a great monarchy, the fall of Catholicism, and the establishment of the reformed faith, we can discover these facts in the chronicle history. Buckingham is crushed; Wolsey falls; Katharine is forced into retirement and dies; Anne Bullen, a "spleeny Lutheran," takes the place of the Catholic Queen; and the same strong hand that overthrew the Cardinal supports and sustains Cranmer; finally, there is a prophecy of

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the maintenance of the monarchy and the peaceful establishment of Protestantism under Elizabeth and James. Thus, in a sense, the nation of England becomes the protagonist of the play, and, though we sympathise with the sorrows and afflictions of this individual or of that, once exalted but inevitably overwhelmed by the law of national evolution, we must needs close our survey of the reign with a chant of triumph. This is, indeed, a coherent conception, but it does not lend itself to the purposes of drama. And it was not with the aid of philosophical conceptions such as this that Shakespeare created his plays.

Having made the conjecture that Fletcher formed the scheme of the play, let us go on to conjecture on what principles the work was apportioned to each author. Shakespeare's part could be no insignificant or subordinate one. His name in historical drama was still — in the modern phrase — the name to conjure with. It is not unlikely that the play was generally supposed in 1613 to be the work of the author of "King Henry IV" and "King Henry V," for when "The Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell," first printed in 1602, was republished in 1613, the publisher, probably with a view to catch the coins of those who had been interested in the drama announced as to be given at the Globe in June, put upon his title-page the wholly unwarranted words "written by W. S." W. S. had come before the public once again, and the old play, dealing with the reign of King Henry VIII, was palmed off upon unwary buyers as the work of the author whose name at that moment

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was in their mouths. Shakespeare, then, we may suppose, would be asked to write the opening of the play. To balance this Fletcher would write the closing scene, and win, with the eloquent prophecy of Cranmer, that "praise in departing" which an actor and an author desire. But Shakespeare was not merely to open the play; he was also to introduce each of the leading *dramatis personæ*. In the first scene Wolsey and Buckingham confront each other. In the second, the King and Queen Katharine are presented, and the character of Wolsey is developed. Shakespeare retired for a time, and is not again required until the scene (II, iii) in which a part has been assigned to Anne Bullen. She has appeared, indeed, in her beauty in an earlier scene (I, iv), but the words she utters are hardly more than a dozen, and it is somewhat singular that although the King addresses her, kisses her, and takes her out, the occasion for a dialogue is allowed to pass, and she opens her lips not once to her future lover and husband. In like manner, although Gardiner first enters in a scene written by Fletcher, he speaks no more than a line or two. He has no real part to play until the first scene of the fifth act, which was written by Shakespeare. Cranmer, again, is introduced by Shakespeare, and developed by Fletcher. Norfolk and Cromwell are brought first upon the stage by Shakespeare. The admirably shrewd Old Lady is altogether of his creation. Some minor parts are sketched in the first instance by Fletcher, and where dialogue for narrative purpose, without character, is required, as when a Second Gentleman gives information to a First Gentle-

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man, or *vice versa*, the hand of Fletcher is sufficient. He has the merit of creating the excellent little part of Griffith, the gentleman-usher, and faithful chronicler of Wolsey's virtues.

Thus it seems to have been agreed that Shakespeare was to put his stamp, in the first instance, upon each of the more important characters. This having been done, Fletcher was free to deal with them upon the lines of his fellow-craftsman's invention. One great scene was naturally assigned to the creator of Hermione — that of the trial of the Queen's cause, with Wolsey and Campeius as judges, in which the injured Katharine stands before us in all her moral dignity, yet with some of the impatience and indignation of hard-trying womanhood. A large fragment of another great scene is also Shakespeare's — the scene (III, ii) in which two strong men, the King and Wolsey, stand face to face, no longer as friends, and the strength of the Cardinal is subdued by the leonine force of his sovereign.

What was left to Fletcher? The answer is: The larger part of the play, including the development of much that Shakespeare had brought into being. It may be said generally that all the scenes which involved great spectacular effects were undertaken by the inferior dramatist, — the banquet at York House, with the entrance of the masquers, the coronation, Katharine's vision of angels, and the christening of the infant Elizabeth. And, again speaking generally, Fletcher claimed as his own the scenes in which pathetic sentiment predominates, and, on the other hand, those of social gayety and rejoicing.



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In Act II, scene i, a First Gentleman and a Second Gentleman, who are characterless, explain the position of affairs and prepare the audience for the entrance of Buckingham after his arraignment; he delivers himself of his eloquent and pathetic speeches — melodious passages in a subdued bravura style — and the First Gentleman and Second Gentleman bring the scene to a close. This occasion for tender and moving eloquence was naturally seized by Fletcher. Again, while the encounter between the King and Wolsey in Act III, scene ii, belongs to the stronger dramatist, the pathos of the fallen Wolsey, with speeches once more in a subdued bravura style, is that of Fletcher, and the part of Cromwell, which Shakespeare had barely introduced, is substantially given to him, for pathos must be redoubled by its echo. Wolsey's farewell to his greatness and what follows, if somewhat out of keeping with Shakespeare's presentation of the crafty and mundane Churchman, are admirable in their rhetorical address to the feelings of the spectators and are worthy of a high place in a book of "Beautiful Extracts." So it is also with the scene in which the mind of the dying Katharine hovers midway between earth and heaven, a scene written perhaps under Shakespeare's inspiration, one in which we certainly see Fletcher at his highest. As if to balance the great trial scene of Shakespeare, another great scene in which Katharine plays an eminent part — that which opens with the song of Orpheus and his lute and proceeds to the conference of the two Cardinals with the Queen (III, i) — was claimed by Fletcher, and was executed by him with true dramatic power.

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It must be admitted that this view respecting the authorship of "King Henry VIII" is of comparatively recent date. We have seen on the evidence of the reprint of "Thomas, Lord Cromwell," that in 1613 the play was probably ascribed by the public to Shakespeare. Ten years later it was published as Shakespeare's under the authority of his friends and fellow-actors Heminge and Condell. They admitted into the First Folio plays which perhaps were the work of more authors than one, such as the three parts of "King Henry VI" and "Titus Andronicus"; they admitted no play in which it can be shown that Shakespeare did not bear a hand. When "King Henry VIII" was revived in 1664, and Betterton enacted the King, it was said that the great tragedian, instructed by Sir William D'Avenant, who had been instructed by "old Mr. Lowen," rendered the part as Lowen had been instructed to present it by "Mr. Shakespeare himself." Only in our own day has an attempt been made, in an able paper by Mr. Robert Boyle (printed in the Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society, 1880-1886), to deprive Shakespeare of his traditional rights in the play, and to assign the authorship wholly to Fletcher and Massinger. It may be that Fletcher received assistance from Massinger; Mr. Boyle has made an ingenious case, but the weight of external evidence against his opinion is strong; and few competent critics have failed to discern, in characterisation, versification, imagery, diction, style, internal evidence of a kind which convinces them that in many parts of the play a greater hand than that of Massinger

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or of Fletcher is at work. Mr. Boyle has to suppose that the play by Shakespeare, "All is True," was destroyed in the Globe fire of 1613, and that in 1616 or 1617 its place was supplied by the two leading Jacobean dramatists. There is not a particle of evidence to show that the play of 1613 was lost. If the prompter had snatched up anything before quitting the house, he would have snatched up the manuscript before him. Had the manuscript perished, the play could have been recovered by assembling the actors, not one of whom suffered from the fire, and calling upon them to recite their parts. To suppose that Heminge and Condell would six years later have put forth as Shakespeare's a play written by Fletcher and Massinger, and known by them not to be the play of 1613, strains to an extreme the elasticity of critical belief.

It is far otherwise with the theory accepted in this Introduction, which is associated with the eminent name of Mr. James Spedding, which had been reached independently, and with results identical in detail, by Mr. S. Hickson, which was confirmed by the several verse-tests applicable to the play, and which has received the assent of the majority of scholars. In 1758 in some (posthumously published) notes by Roderick, a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, attention was called to certain metrical peculiarities of the play — the unusual number of verses ending with a redundant syllable, the management of the *cæsura*, and the frequent clash between the emphasis required by the meaning and the metrical cadence of the line. Emer-

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son, in "Representative Men" (1850), conjectured that Shakespeare in "King Henry VIII" was working upon the basis of an older play by another author, who was "a thoughtful man, with a vicious ear." In Wolsey's soliloquy and the dialogues with Cromwell he found not the metre of Shakespeare, "whose secret is that the thought constructs the tune"; he found lines "constructed to a given tune," and verse "which has even a trace of pulpit eloquence." Several years previously, Alfred Tennyson had casually remarked in the hearing of Spedding, "that many passages in 'Henry VIII' were very much in the manner of Fletcher." Bearing this suggestion in mind, and paying special attention to the versification, Spedding read the play through, and came to the conclusion that at least two different hands — if not three — had been employed in the composition of it. One of these hands he recognised as Shakespeare's; the other, or one of the others, was as certainly the hand of Fletcher. To Shakespeare he assigned the following portions: Act I, scenes i and ii; Act II, scenes iii and iv; Act III, scene ii (to the exit of the King); Act V, scene i. Spedding's results were published in "The Gentleman's Magazine" of August, 1850. It was a gratifying confirmation rather than a surprise to him to learn that Samuel Hickson, the writer of a valuable study of the shares of Shakespeare and Fletcher in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," had arrived, some three or four years earlier, at exactly the same conclusion with respect to the authorship of the play and the division of scenes between the two writers.

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Statistics, compiled by Mr. Fleay, Dr. Furnivall, and Dr. Ingram, as to the percentages of double endings, weak or light endings, and unstopped lines in the parts of the play attributed to each author, seemed to support these results. The redundant syllable is far more frequent with Fletcher than with Shakespeare; the emphasis laid on a short word forming the redundant syllable is rarely found except in Fletcher. Any one who possesses an ear and who is acquainted with Fletcher's verse must assuredly recognise him in such lines as the following :

“ As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd ones ;  
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.”

These verses are signed and sealed by Fletcher as manifestly as if he had subscribed his name to them ; the closing monosyllable “ so ” is Fletcher's seal. On the other hand there are not many persons who could read the following passage and not cry at the end, “ *Aut Shakespeare aut diabolus* ” :

“ ANNE. By my troth and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.  
OLD LADY. Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for 't ; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet

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Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts,  
Saving your mincing, the capacity  
Of your soft, cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it."

Shakespeare's verse in his latest plays is wonderful in its freedom ; yet it is well-girt. When Fletcher's verse most seeks freedom, it attains licentiousness.

The contrast in diction and style between the two writers is as marked, though it may be less easy to define. The presence in the Shakespearian part of words not elsewhere used by Shakespeare is — if the words be of the *kind* which he employs — rather an argument for his authorship than against it ; in every one of his acknowledged plays occurs a considerable number of words which are not elsewhere found in his writings. His vocabulary is ample because his needs are so spacious. Fletcher's meanings lie in the words, which are not living things in the highest sense, but words that may be found in the dictionary with the significations of a dictionary. Shakespeare's words are plastic, or rather alive, incalculable in their uses, and their collocation often creates difficulties for one who would examine each sentence with the spectacles of a grammarian ; the meaning often flashes through them or across them, like the meaning of an eye which anticipates speech. "*Bosom up* my counsel," "outworths," "he *bores* me with some trick," "*self-mettle* tires him," "front him in that file," "mounting his eyes" — these expressions, taken from the first two scenes of "King Henry VIII," are found in no

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other play by Shakespeare ; but they are precisely the kind of words and phrases which he uses when a stress of thought or imagination calls for them ; and other dramatists, the stream of whose ideas and imagery runs less swiftly, do not so often require the phrases which leap against the obstacles to expression and overtop them. Spedding, writing of Act I, scene i, has described certain of the characteristics of Shakespeare's latest style in a masterly summary, which deserves to be quoted : " The opening of the play — the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny — seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner ; the same close-packed expression ; the same life, and reality, and freshness ; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough ; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out ; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth ; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony ; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace ; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated." Nothing better can be said, or can be said more admirably, than this.

Yet it has to be admitted that Spedding's arguments have not carried conviction to all readers of the play.

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Mr. W. Aldis Wright recognises the presence of two hands in "King Henry VIII," and that one of these is Fletcher's he does not deny; but he is unable to find Shakespeare's hand anywhere at work. Poets are often fine — they are not always sure — critics. Mr. Swinburne believed that the entire play was written by Shakespeare, but in two styles, one of these a tentative style closely resembling that of Fletcher. Robert Browning, in a letter to Mr. Furnivall ("Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society," 1880-1886, p. 119), expressed his agreement with Mr. Boyle — "I see little that transcends the power of Massinger and Fletcher to execute. . . . The versification is nowhere Shakespeare's." Even Mr. Fleay, who had accepted Spedding's theory, assigns in his "Life and Work of Shakespeare" (1886) to Massinger certain portions of the play which he had formerly ascribed to Shakespeare, and limited Shakespeare's share in the drama to I, ii; II, iii; II, iv. Nevertheless, so far has Spedding's theory obtained acceptance that it may be styled the orthodox belief, and it is reassuring to find that those of heretical opinion are divided among themselves, the one against the other.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Professor Thorndike has confirmed the results of the verse tests by what he styles "the 'em-them test." Shakespeare prefers "them" to the shortened "'em," which is Fletcher's favourite form. In the Shakespearian 1168 lines "them" occurs 17 times, "'em" 5 times; in Fletcher's 1604 lines "them" occurs 4 times, "'em" 57 times. It has been noticed that in Shakespeare's part the word *confessor* seems to be pronounced "cónfessor," in Fletcher's part "conféssor." This pronunciation test could probably be applied to other words, and especially to the division of syllables in verse, as in *conscience* (disyllable or trisyllable), *business*, *prayers*, *Ireland*, *hour*, *boy*, *toward*,



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The historical sources used by the writers of "King Henry VIII" were the Chronicle of Hall and that of Holinshed, "The Life of Cardinal Wolsey" by his gentleman usher, George Cavendish (this was unpublished when the play was written, but it had been seen in manuscript and used by Holinshed), and, for the accusation and acquittal of Cranmer in Act V, "Foxe's Acts and Monuments of the Church," commonly known as Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." It was noticed by Gerald Massey in his book on "Shakespeare's Sonnets" that words of Essex spoken before his execution supplied suggestions for the speech of Buckingham after his arraignment. Sometimes the historical originals are closely followed by the dramatists, as, for example, in the speech of Queen Katharine (Act II, scene iv) beginning, "Sir, I desire you do me right and justice." It would be unjust to call such imitation servile; where history furnished matter that was really dramatic, it was the part of sound judgment to lose as little as possible of what must needs be true to nature. Both writers appear to have dealt with their historical material in substantially the same manner. In the treatment of the chronological sequence of events great freedom is shown, and dramatic skill was needed to disguise the transfers to and fro of historical incidents. The entire action lies between the year 1520, the date of the Field

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*Christian*, and in particular to the treatment of the termination *ion* or *tion*, in such words as *suspicion*, *action*, *coronation*, especially in cases where by the treatment of the termination nine-syllable verse is converted into one of ten syllables. Another test might possibly be found in the frequency of "ye" in the objective case instead of "you."

## KING HENRY VIII

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of the Cloth of Gold, and 1544 or 1545, the date of Cranmer's appearance before the Council. But after having been carried forward to 1544 or 1545 we are immediately carried back to 1533, when Elizabeth was christened. These transpositions of events are Fletcher's; but Shakespeare in the opening scene of the play deals freely — though showing more discretion — with chronology. While the historical events of "King Henry VIII" are chosen from a quarter of a century, these events as represented on the stage are those of only seven days. Lapses of time occur between the first day (ending Act I, scene iv) and the second, between the fourth (Act III, scene i) and the fifth, between the fifth (Act III, scene ii) and the sixth, and finally between the sixth (Act IV, scenes i and ii) and the seventh. The events of these seven days are condensed into the theatrical "two short hours," of which the Prologue speaks.

The play, unlike any historical drama of the Elizabethan age in which Shakespeare had no part, has had a great stage history. In the part of Queen Katharine, Mrs. Siddons almost excelled herself. "The genius of Shakespeare," wrote Dr. Johnson, "comes in and goes out with Katharine"; but these words are not to be taken as literally true. Wolsey in his strength is a superb figure, and has been a favourite all through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries with eminent actors. The Queen, however, in her outward humiliation — still very Queen and very woman — is the Katharine of her better days, while the Cardinal undergoes one of those

## INTRODUCTION

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moral transformations which we dare not say are untrue to life, but which are difficult to transfer successfully from life to art. When Johnson asked Mrs. Siddons which of Shakespeare's characters pleased her most, she answered promptly that she thought the character of Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII" the most natural. "I think so too, madame," said he, "and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble out to the theatre myself." The King can easily be misinterpreted by an inferior actor, and Hazlitt in his criticism of the play seems to have caught his conception of Henry from some such actor. "His gross appearance," writes Hazlitt, "his blustering demeanour, his vulgarity, his arrogance, his sensuality, his cruelty, his hypocrisy, his want of common decency and humanity, are marked in strong lines." These words are surely overcharged. The Henry of Shakespeare is not conceived on such simple lines as the critic imagined. There is something majestic in his easy, leonine power. "John Bull" had not been invented in Shakespeare's day; but under other names he figured in history and on the stage; and in the King we recognise him, glorified and royal, with some of those powerful qualities which insure popularity with his fellow-countrymen, and some of those infirmities which often seem even to add to such popularity.

EDWARD DOWDEN.



**KING HENRY THE EIGHTH**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>

KING HENRY the Eighth.  
CARDINAL WOLSEY.  
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.  
CAMPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.  
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
EARL OF SURREY.  
Lord Chamberlain.  
Lord Chancellor.  
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.  
Bishop of Lincoln.  
LORD ABERGAVENNY.  
LORD SANDS.  
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.  
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.  
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.  
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.  
Secretaries to Wolsey.  
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.  
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.  
Three Gentlemen.  
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.  
Garter King-at-Arms.  
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.  
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.  
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.  
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.  
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.  
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.  
PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows ; Women attending upon the Queen ; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

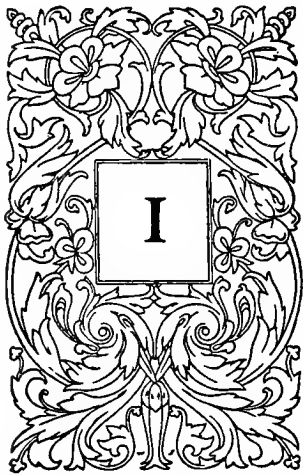
Spirits.

SCENE: *London ; Westminster ; Kimbolton.*

<sup>1</sup> This piece was printed for the first time in the First Folio of 1623. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes. A list of the "dramatis personæ" was first given by Rowe.



## THE PROLOGUE



COME NO MORE TO  
make you laugh: things now,  
That bear a weighty and a seri-  
ous brow,  
Sad, high and working, full of  
state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the  
eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that  
can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall  
a tear;  
The subject will deserve it. Such  
as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling

10

1 *I come no more*] For Shakespeare's employment of the device of the Prologue, see *Hen. V*, note to Prol. line 1.

3 *working, full of state*] moving (or perturbing), full of dignity.

12 *shilling*] the price of a good seat in the theatre of Shakespeare's day.

KING HENRY VIII      PROLOGUE

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Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,  
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring      20  
To make that only true we now intend,  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see  
The very persons of our noble story  
As they were living; think you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat  
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery:      30  
And if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

15 *A noise of targets*] An allusion to crude and noisy exhibitions of skill with the sword and buckler, or broadsword and quarterstaff, to which the stage was occasionally devoted.

16 *motley coat . . . yellow*] a particoloured coat trimmed with yellow; the ordinary garb of the fool or clown on the stage.

20-21 *the opinion . . . we now intend*] Thus the Folio. The passage means "the reputation that we enjoy for strictly following the truth." The writer's insistence on the play's veracity here and in lines 9 and 18 supports the notion that the piece is identical with *All is True*, a play dealing with Henry VIII's reign, which was produced at the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1613.

24 *happiest*] most propitious; cf. Latin "felix," luck-bringing.





ACT FIRST — SCENE I — LONDON

AN ANTE-CHAMBER IN THE PALACE

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY*

BUCKINGHAM



GOOD MORROW, AND

well met. How have ye done  
Since last we saw in France?

NOR. I thank your grace,  
Healthful, and ever since a fresh  
admirer  
Of what I saw there.

BUCK. An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my  
chamber, when  
Those suns of glory, those two  
lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Andren.

NOR. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;

1-2 *How have ye done . . . saw*] How have ye fared since last we saw  
one another?

3 *a fresh admirer*] an untried admirer, one capable of fresh impressions.

Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung  
 In their embracement, as they grew together; 10  
 Which had they, what four throned ones could have  
 weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

BUCK. All the whole time  
 I was my chamber's prisoner.

NOR. Then you lost  
 The view of earthly glory: men might say,  
 Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
 To one above itself. Each following day  
 Became the next day's master, till the last  
 Made former wonders its. To-day the French,  
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
 Shone down the English; and to-morrow they 20

6-7 *Those suns . . . Arde*] A reference to the meeting in June, 1520, of Henry VIII, King of England, with Francis I, King of France, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in the valley of Ardres, in Picardy, between the towns of Guines and Ardres, frontier towns respectively of English and French territory. As a matter of fact, the Duke of Norfolk was not present (cf. l. 8) at this historic interview, though the Duke of Buckingham took part in it, and was not at the time, as Shakespeare relates, his "chamber's prisoner" (line 13).

10 *as*] as if.

15-16 *Till this time . . . above itself*] A grandiloquent way of saying that the pomp was more than twice as great as that of any former display. Pomp had married a greater pomp, and the result was something above a twofold pomp.

16-18 *Each following day . . . wonders its*] Each day surpassed its predecessor in splendid ceremonial, until the last day made its own all the glories that went before. "Its," which the Folio prints "it's," is a form rarely used by Shakespeare.

19 *clinquant . . . all in gold*] all glittering with golden tinsel.

Made Britain India: every man that stood  
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
 As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,  
 Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
 The pride upon them, that their very labour  
 Was to them as a painting: now this masque  
 Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night  
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,  
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
 As presence did present them; him in eye 30  
 Still him in praise; and being present both,  
 'T was said they saw but one, and no discerner  
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns —  
 For so they phrase 'em — by their heralds challenged  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That Bevis was believed.

BUCK. O, you go far.

NOR. As I belong to worship, and affect

25 *pride*] splendour of raiment.

25-26 *their very labour . . . painting*] their exertion brought colour to their cheeks.

30 *As presence did present them*] As they came into view.

32-33 *they saw but one . . . censure*] one could not distinguish between them and no spectator dared express an opinion as to which looked the finer.

33 *these suns*] Cf. line 6, *supra*, "those two *lights* of men."

38 *Bevis*] Bevis of Southampton, a Saxon warrior of William the Conqueror's time, and the hero of a well known Middle English romance, which credited him with invincible prowess. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, II, iii, 90 and note.

39-44 *As I belong to worship . . . full function*] As I am a gentleman

In honour honesty, the tract of every thing 40  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;  
 Order gave each thing view; the office did  
 Distinctly his full function.

BUCK. Who did guide,  
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

NOR. One, certes, that promises no element  
 In such a business.

BUCK. I pray you, who, my lord?

NOR. All this was order'd by the good discretion 50  
 Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

BUCK. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed  
 From his ambitious finger. What had he  
 To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder

of rank, and aspire to truthfulness in accordance with my sense of honour, the course of all this pageantry, even on the lips of an honest narrator, would lack much of the spirit to which the real action gave expression. All was on a royal scale, nothing menaced the due fulfilment of the arrangements. Order gave each detail fit prominence. The officers precisely carried out the whole of the duties allotted to them.

42-49 *All was royal . . . such a business*] Theobald's arrangement of this passage. The First Folio assigns to Buckingham the words *All was royal . . . great sport together*, and gives the rest to Norfolk.

48-49 *One, certes . . . business*] One certainly who gave no promise that such a business was in his sphere. (*Certes* is a monosyllable.) "Element" is similarly used in the modern phrase "Out of his element."

54 *fierce vanities*] Cf. *Lucrece*, 894, "Thy violent vanities can never last."

That such a keech can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

NOR. Surely, sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60  
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied  
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

ABER. I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye  
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, 70  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

BUCK. Why the devil,

55 *a keech*] a roll of hardened fat. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, II, i, 90, "good-wife *Keech*, the butcher's wife." Wolsey, who was reputed by his foes to be a butcher's son, was very corpulent.

56 *Take up . . . the beneficial sun*] Engross for his own advantage the beneficent sun.

58 *puts him to these ends*] fits him to attain these objects.

60-61 *call'd upon For*] promoted to office on account of.

64 *Out of his . . . gives us note*] Capell's correction of the Folio reading, *Out of his Selfe-drawing Web*. *O giues vs note*. The line means "Working from the web of his own creation he makes us realize" how.

65 *for him*] for his own advantage.

Upon this French going out, took he upon him,  
 Without the privity o' the king, to appoint  
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the file  
 Of all the gentry; for the most part such  
 To whom as great a charge as little honour  
 He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,  
 The honourable board of council out,  
 Must fetch him in he papers.

ABER.

I do know

80

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
 By this so sicken'd their estates that never  
 They shall abound as formerly.

BUCK.

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em  
 For this great journey. What did this vanity  
 But minister communication of  
 A most poor issue?

73 *going out*] expedition.

75 *the file*] the list or roll.

77-80 *To whom . . . he papers*] Whom he intended to load up with heavy work and responsibility with an inverse ratio of honourable reward; and his own letter of command by his own authority, without the concurrence of the council, must press into the service those whom he puts on his register.

82 *sicken'd their estates*] impaired their fortunes.

83 *abound*] prosper.

84 *Have broke their backs . . . on 'em*] a reference to the excessive cost of apparel. Cf. *K. John*, II, i, 70, "Bearing their birth-rights proudly on *their backs*."

86-87 *minister . . . poor issue*] give occasion for a conference which produced a paltry result. Holinshed uses very similar expressions of the result of the royal interview, viz.: "A *vain* talk to be had and *communication* to be *ministered* of things of no importance."

NOR. Grievingly I think,  
The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

BUCK. Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was 90  
A thing inspired, and not consulting broke  
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on 't.

NOR. Which is budded out;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

ABER. Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenced?

NOR. Marry, is 't.

ABER. A proper title of a peace, and purchased  
At a superfluous rate!

BUCK. Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.

NOR. Like it your grace, 100  
The state takes notice of the private difference

90 *the hideous storm*] Holinshed reports "an hideous storme of wind and weather" on 18 June, immediately after the meeting of the kings.

93 *Dashing . . . aboded*] Splashing (with mud) . . . foreboded.

95 *hath flaw'd the league*] has broken the treaty. This breach did not take place till 6 March, 1522, nearly two years after the interview between the two kings.

97 *The ambassador is silenced*] The French ambassador is refused an audience by the English king.

98 *proper*] The epithet is, of course, ironical.

100 *carried*] managed, conducted.

*Like it your grace*] If it please your grace.

Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you —  
 And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
 Honour and plenteous safety — that you read  
 The cardinal's malice and his potency  
 Together; to consider further that  
 What his high hatred would effect wants not  
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
 That he 's revengeful, and I know his sword  
 Hath a sharp edge; it 's long and 't may be said 110  
 It reaches far, and where 't will not extend,  
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;  
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock  
 That I advise your shunning.

*Enter* CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain*

WOL. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?  
 Where's his examination?

FIRST SEC. Here, so please you.

WOL. Is he in person ready?

FIRST SEC. Ay, please your grace.

WOL. Well, we shall then know more; and Bucking-  
 ham

Shall lessen this big look.

*[Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.*

112 *he darts it*] he hurls it.

115 *surveyor*] overseer, steward, factor. Cf. line 222, *infra*. This man's name was Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, who had been lately dismissed from his office.

116 *examination*] deposition.



BUCK. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
 Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best 121  
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
 Outworths a noble's blood.

NOR. What, are you chafed?  
 Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only  
 Which your disease requires.

BUCK. I read in 's looks  
 Matter against me, and his eye reviled  
 Me as his abject object: at this instant  
 He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king;  
 I'll follow and outstare him.

NOR. Stay, my lord,  
 And let your reason with your choler question 130  
 What 't is you go about: to climb steep hills  
 Requires slow pace at first: anger is like  
 A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
 Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
 Can advise me like you: be to yourself  
 As you would to your friend.

120 *This butcher's cur*] Wolsey's enemies in his own lifetime spread the report that he was a butcher's son. His father, though of humble origin, was a burges of good standing at Ipswich.

122 *A beggar's book . . . blood*] "Book" is here "love of study," "learning." Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, IV, vii, 68: "my *book* preferr'd me to the king." Buckingham scornfully means that learned poverty is a better recommendation than high birth.

123 *are you chafed?*] are you enraged?

127 *his abject object*] the object of his scorn.

128 *bores*] stabs or undermines.

134 *Self-mettle*] His own impetuous spirit.

BUCK. I'll to the king;  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim  
There's difference in no persons.

NOR. Be advised;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140  
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er  
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

BUCK. Sir,  
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along 150  
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow —  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From sincere motions — by intelligence  
And proofs as clear as founts in July when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

NOR. Say not "treasonous."

138 *Ipswich*] Wolsey's native place.

139 *There's difference in no persons*] There's no respect due to rank;  
all respect of person is at an end.

152-153 *Whom from the flow . . . sincere motions*] Whom I designate  
thus not from mere excess of ill-temper, but from just motives,  
from reasons of integrity.

BUCK. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch  
as strong  
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both — for he is equal ravenous  
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160  
As able to perform 't; his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally —  
Only to show his pomp as well in France  
As here at home, suggests the king our master  
To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing.

NOR. Faith, and so it did.

BUCK. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning  
cardinal  
The articles o' the combination drew  
As himself pleased; and they were ratified 170  
As he cried "Thus let be," to as much end  
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal  
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,  
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows —  
Which, as I take 't, is a kind of puppy  
To the old dam, treason — Charles the emperor,  
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt —

164 *suggests*] prompts, incites.

167 *rinsing*] Pope's emendation of the Folio's reading *wrenching*.

168 *give me favour*] excuse me, permit me to speak.

169 *the combination*] the treaty.

176 *Charles the emperor*] The Emperor Charles V, nephew of Queen Katharine, paid a hasty visit to England in May, 1520, two or three weeks before the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

For 't was indeed his colour, but he came  
 To whisper Wolsey — here makes visitation:  
 His fears were that the interview betwixt 180  
 England and France might through their amity  
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league  
 Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily  
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow —  
 Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor  
 Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted  
 Ere it was ask'd — but when the way was made  
 And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,  
 That he would please to alter the king's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know, 190  
 As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.

NOR. I am sorry  
 To hear this of him, and could wish he were  
 Something mistaken in 't.

BUCK. No, not a syllable:  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape  
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant at arms before him, and two or  
 three of the Guard*

BRAN. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

SERG. Sir,  
 My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl

178 *colour*] pretext.

195 *Something mistaken in 't*] Somehow misunderstood as to his action.

199 *the Duke of Buckingham*] The duke was arrested on April 16, 1521.

Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200  
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
 Of our most sovereign king.

BUCK. Lo you, my lord,  
 The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish  
 Under device and practice.

BRAN. I am sorry  
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
 The business present: 't is his highness' pleasure  
 You shall to the Tower.

BUCK. It will help me nothing  
 To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me  
 Which makes my whitest part black. The will of  
heaven

Be done in this and all things! I obey. 210  
 O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

BRAN. Nay, he must bear you company. [*To Aber-*  
*gavenny*] The king  
 Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know  
 How he determines further.

ABER. As the duke said,  
 The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
 By me obey'd!

BRAN. Here is a warrant from  
 The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies

200 *Hereford*] pronounced dissyllabically. Capell's correction of the  
 Folio error *Hertford*.

204 *Under device and practice*] By trickery and unfair stratagem.

211 *Abergavenny*] The Folios spell *Aburgany*, and the name is still so  
 pronounced.

217 *to attach Lord Montacute*] to arrest Lord Montacute. Montacute

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

BUCK. So, so;

These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope. 220

BRAN. A monk o' the Chartreux.

BUCK. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

BRAN. He.

BUCK. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — THE SAME

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER

*Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, leaning on the CARDINAL'S shoulder;  
the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL: the CARDINAL places  
himself under the KING'S feet on his right side*

KING. My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level

was Henry Pole, eldest brother of Cardinal Pole, son-in-law of  
Lord Abergavenny, and grandson of George, Duke of Clarence,  
Richard III's brother and victim.

222 *surveyor*] steward, factor. Cf. line 115, *supra*.

223 *my life is spann'd*] my life is measured, my days are numbered.

225-226 *Whose figure . . . sun*] Buckingham means that this present  
calamity invests him with the dark figure or form of a shadow  
by withdrawing him from the sun of royal favour.

2-3 *i' the level Of a full-charged confederacy*] within range of the aim of a  
matured conspiracy. The figure is drawn from a loaded cannon.

SCENE II                      KING HENRY VIII

---

Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify;  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!" Enter QUEEN  
KATHARINE, ushered by the DUKE OF NORFOLK, and the DUKE  
OF SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his state, takes  
her up, kisses and placeth her by him*

Q. KATH. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

KING. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit        10  
Never name to us; you have half our power:  
The other moiety ere you ask is given;  
Repeat your will and take it.

Q. KATH.                                      Thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself, and in that love  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

KING.                      Lady mine, proceed.

Q. KATH. I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions    20  
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties: wherein although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches

---

19 *true condition*] honest temper.

21 *flaw'd*] cracked.

Most bitterly on you as putter on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master —  
Whose honour heaven shield from soil! — even he  
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

NOR. Not almost appears;  
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, 30  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

KING. Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,  
You that are blamed for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

WOL. Please you, sir, 40  
I know but of a single part in aught

---

24 *putter on*] instigator.

27-28 *breaks The sides of loyalty*] bursts the bounds of loyalty.

32 *The many to them 'longing . . . spinsters*] The train of workers depending on them, have dismissed the (male) spinners.

36 *Daring the event to the teeth*] Recklessly defying the consequence.

37 *danger serves among them*] danger has taken service among them, is in their train. "Danger" is boldly personified.

41-43 *I know . . . steps with me*] I fill merely a limited part in state affairs, and only hold a front place in that file or company of coun-



Pertains to the state, and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. KATH. No, my lord,  
You know no more than others: but you frame  
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50  
They are devised by you; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

KING. Still exaction!  
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

Q. KATH. I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd  
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold mouths: 60  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; their curses now

sellors, who keep step with me, who march in the same line with me.

"Tell steps," *i. e.*, count steps, merely means "keep step," (as of a  
file of soldiers). For a similar use of "file," cf. III, ii, 171, *infra*.

45 *known alike*] ultimately known to all alike.

47 *be their acquaintance*] come to their knowledge.

52 *exclamation*] outcry or denunciation.

60 *this makes bold mouths*] this elicits bold speech.

Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,  
 This tractable obedience is a slave  
 To each incensed will. I would your highness  
 Would give it quick consideration, for  
 There is no primer business.

KING. By my life,  
 This is against our pleasure.

WOL. And for me,  
 I have no further gone in this than by  
 A single voice, and that not pass'd me but 70  
 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
 Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
 My faculties nor person, yet will be  
 The chronicles of my doing, let me say  
 'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
 To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
 That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

64 *This tractable obedience . . . will*] The spirit of docile obedience gives way, succumbs to each individual's roused sense of resentment.

67 *no primer business*] *Business* is Hanmer's emendation for the Folio reading *baseness*. The queen means that no matter of state presses more urgently for attention.

75 *the rough brake*] the rugged barrier or obstacle.

78 *To cope malicious censurers*] Of encountering malicious critics.

82 *sick interpreters . . . weak ones*] interpreters distorted in mind; in fact, weak sort of creatures. "Once" is often found for "once for all," "in a word."

Not ours or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
 State-statues only.

KING. Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
 Things done without example, in their issue 90  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take  
 From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber,  
 And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county  
 Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied 100  
 The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;  
 I put it to your care.

WOL. [*To the Secretary*] A word with you.  
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons  
 Hardly conceive of me: let it be noised

83 *not allow'd*] not approved.

84 *Hitting . . . quality*] satisfying a lower or coarser conception.

94 *stick them in our will*] stab, ruin them at will.

95 *trembling*] causing tremor, terrible.

96 *lop*] the small branches or twigs of trees.

105 *Hardly conceive of me*] Think ill of me.

That through our intercession this revokement  
 And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you  
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

*Enter Surveyor*

Q. KATH. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
 Is run in your displeasure.

KING. It grieves many : 110  
 The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker ;  
 To nature none more bound ; his training such  
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
 And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
 When these so noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,  
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
 Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find 120  
 His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,  
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
 That once were his, and is become as black  
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear —  
 This was his gentleman in trust — of him  
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount  
 The fore-recited practices ; whereof  
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

114 *out of himself*] beyond himself, outside the treasures of his own mind.

116 *Not well disposed*] Not joined with a good disposition.

120 *Almost with ravish'd listening*] Listening with almost rapt attention.

WOL. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what  
                   you,  
 Most like a careful subject, have collected 130  
 Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

KING. Speak freely.

SURV. First, it was usual with him, every day  
 It would infect his speech, that if the king  
 Should without issue die, he'll carry it so  
 To make the sceptre his: these very words  
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
 Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced  
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

WOL. Please your highness, note  
 This dangerous conception in this point.  
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person 140  
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches  
 Beyond you to your friends.

Q. KATH. My learn'd lord cardinal,  
 Deliver all with charity.

KING. Speak on:  
 How grounded he his title to the crown  
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
 At any time speak aught?

SURV. He was brought to this  
 By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

140-141 *wish . . . will*] These two words are often found contrasted in the Elizabethan literature. Here "wish" means "inclination" and "will" means "deliberate resolve."

145 *fail*] failure of issue. Cf. II, iv, 198, *infra*, "my issue's *fail*."

147 *Nicholas Henton*] The man's name was Nicholas Hopkins. See I, i, 221, *supra*, II, i, 22, *infra*. Henton was the village near Bristol

KING. What was that Henton?

SURV. Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor, who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

KING. How know'st thou this? 150

SURV. Not long before your highness sped to France,  
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey: I replied,  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 't was the fear indeed, and that he doubted  
'T would prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he, 160  
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after under the confession's seal  
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature living but  
To me should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor 's heirs,  
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive

where the Carthusian order had a monastery, of which Hopkins was an inmate. The slip is the dramatist's.

152 *at the Rose*] a manor house in Suffolk Lane in the city of London, subsequently occupied by the Merchant Taylors' School.

162 *a choice hour*] a chosen hour.

164 *confession's*] Theobald's emendation, suggested by Holinshed's words, of the Folio reading *commissions*.

To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke  
Shall govern England." 170

Q. KATH. If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person  
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

KING. Let him on.  
Go forward.

SURV. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceived; and that 't was danger-  
ous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180  
It forged him some design, which, being believed,  
It was much like to do: he answer'd "Tush,  
It can do me no damage;" adding further,  
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

KING. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!  
There's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?

SURV. I can, my liege.

KING. Proceed.

SURV. Being at Greenwich,

184 *fail'd*] died.

186 *so rank?*] The word is applied to weeds, which have grown to a wild height. The king exclaims in surprise, "Had Buckingham's plans got to such a pitch?"

After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
About Sir William Bulmer, —

KING. I remember 190  
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

SURV. "If" quoth he "I for this had been committed,  
As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him."

KING. A giant traitor!

WOL. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,  
And this man out of prison?

Q. KATH. God mend all! 201

KING. There's something more would out of thee;  
what say'st?

SURV. After "the duke his father," with the "knife,"  
He stretched him, and with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour  
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo  
His father by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

KING. There 's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd; 210  
Call him to present trial: if he may

209 *his period*] his end in view.

210 *attach'd*] arrested.



SCENE III KING HENRY VIII

---

Find mercy in the law, 't is his ; if none,  
Let him not seek 't of us : by day and night !  
He 's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — AN ANTECHAMBER IN THE PALACE

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS*

CHAM. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries ?

SANDS. New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

CHAM. As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd ones ;  
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

SANDS. They have all new legs, and lame ones : one  
would take it,  
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin  
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

214 *to the height*] " in excelsis."

2 *strange mysteries?*] strange arts, artificial fashions.

7 *A fit or two o' the face*] A grimace or two.  
*shrewd*] knowing.

10 *Pepin or Clotharius*] French kings of early date.

11 *new legs*] new curtsies.

12-13 *spavin Or springhalt*] diseases of horses affecting their powers of  
motion.

CHAM. Death! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL*

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

LOV. Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

CHAM. What is 't for?

LOV. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

CHAM. I'm glad 't is there: now I would pray our  
monsieurs  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

LOV. They must either,  
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,  
Abusing better men than they can be  
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings, 30  
Short blister'd breeches and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men,  
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,

30 *tall stockings*] high stockings.

31 *blister'd*] puffed out.

They may, "cum privilegio," wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

SANDS. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

CHAM. What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!

LOV. Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies; 40  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

SANDS. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are  
going,  
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,  
Held current music too.

CHAM. Well said, Lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

SANDS. No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

CHAM. Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a-going?

LOV. To the cardinal's: 50  
Your lordship is a guest too.

CHAM. O, 't is true:  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

35 *lag end*] fag end, dregs.

45 *plain-song*] simple melody.

48 *Your colt's tooth*] Your youthful passions.

To many lords and ladies ; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

LOV. That churchman bears a bounteous mind  
indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;  
His dews fall every where.

CHAM. No doubt he's noble ;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

SANDS. He may, my lord ; has wherewithal : in him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine : 60  
Men of his way should be most liberal ;  
They are set here for examples.

CHAM. True, they are so ;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;  
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford  
This night to be comptrollers.

SANDS. I am your lordship's.  
[*Exeunt.*]

58 *a black mouth*] a slanderous tongue.

63 *My barge stays*] The speaker is in the king's palace at Bridewell on the river Thames, and is proceeding westward by water to York Place (now Whitehall), Cardinal Wolsey's palace at Westminster.

67 *your lordship's*] at your lordship's service.

## SCENE IV — A HALL IN YORK PLACE

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD*

GUILD. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people.

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL*

O, my lord, you're tardy:  
The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

CHAM. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

SANDS. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal 10  
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,

---

(stage direction) *Hautboys*] Musical instruments resembling flutes.  
*a state*] a canopy. The word often means "a chair of state," as in  
the later stage directions of the Scene.

11 *my lay thoughts*] my secular thoughts, thoughts unbecoming in an  
ecclesiastic.

12 *a running banquet*] a hasty meal; sometimes the dessert or light  
course of sweetmeats which terminates a banquet. Cf. V, iv, 62,  
*infra*.

I think would better please 'em: by my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

LOV. O, that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these!

SANDS. I would I were;  
They should find easy penance.

LOV. Faith, how easy?

SANDS. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

CHAM. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir  
Harry,

Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this: 20  
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;  
Two women placed together makes cold weather:  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

SANDS. By my faith,  
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet  
ladies:

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;  
I had it from my father.

ANNE. Was he mad, sir?

SANDS. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:  
But he would bite none; just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*]

CHAM. Well said, my lord. 30  
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

27 *Was he mad, sir?*] Was he wild, sportive, sir?

30 *kiss you twenty*] kiss twenty women; "you" is the ethic dative.

SANDS. For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, and takes his state*

WOL. You're welcome, my fair guests : that noble lady  
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend : this, to confirm my welcome ;  
And to you all, good health. *[Drinks.]*

SANDS. Your grace is noble :  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

WOL. My Lord Sands, 40  
I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbours.  
Ladies, you are not merry : gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this ?

SANDS. The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

ANNE. You are a merry gamester,  
My Lord Sands.

SANDS. Yes, if I make my play.  
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,  
For 't is to such a thing —

ANNE. You cannot show me.

SANDS. I told your grace they would talk anon.  
*[Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged.]*

33 *cure*] cure of souls, parochial charge, congregation. Sands uses the word facetiously.

34 (stage direction) *state*] chair of state; cf. note on the stage direction at the opening of the Scene.

46 *if I make my play*] if I take a hand in the game.

49 (stage direction) *chambers discharged*] cannons fired.

WOL. What's that?

CHAM. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*]

WOL. What warlike voice, 50  
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;  
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

*Re-enter Servant*

CHAM. How now! what is 't?

SERV. A noble troop of strangers;  
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

WOL. Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;  
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him. 60

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all: and once more  
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as masquers, habited like  
shepherds, ushered by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass  
directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

CHAM. Because they speak no English, thus they  
pray'd

To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,



But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct 70  
 Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat  
 An hour of revels with 'em.

WOL. Say, lord chamberlain,  
 They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay  
 'em

A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*]

KING. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,  
 Till now I never knew thee! [Music. Dance.]

WOL. My lord!

CHAM. Your grace?

WOL. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:  
 There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,  
 More worthy this place than myself; to whom,  
 If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80  
 I would surrender it.

CHAM. I will, my lord. [*Whispers the Masquers.*]

WOL. What say they?

CHAM. Such a one, they all confess,  
 There is indeed; which they would have your grace  
 Find out, and he will take it.

WOL. Let me see then.  
 By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make  
 My royal choice.

75 *Till now . . . thee !*] The king's first introduction to Anne Boleyn took place not on the occasion of Wolsey's great banquet, but at an entertainment given by the king himself at Greenwich on May 5, 1527, to meet ambassadors from France.

79 *this place*] this seat of honour.

84 *take it*] take the seat of honour.

KING. [*Unmasking*] Ye have found him, cardinal:  
 You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:  
 You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,  
 I should judge now unhappily.

WOL. I am glad  
 Your grace is grown so pleasant.

KING. My lord chamberlain, <sup>90</sup>  
 Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

CHAM. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's  
 daughter,  
 The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

KING. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,  
 I were unmannerly, to take you out,  
 And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!  
 Let it go round.

WOL. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
 I' the privy chamber?

LOV. Yes, my lord.

WOL. Your grace,  
 I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

KING. I fear, too much.

WOL. There's fresher air, my lord,  
 In the next chamber.

KING. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,  
 I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry,  
 Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths

89 *I should . . . unhappily*] I should think some (licentious) mischief  
 were intended. "Unhappily" here means unluckily, evilly,  
 mischievously.

95 *take you out*] invite you to dance with me.

SCENE IV      KING HENRY VIII

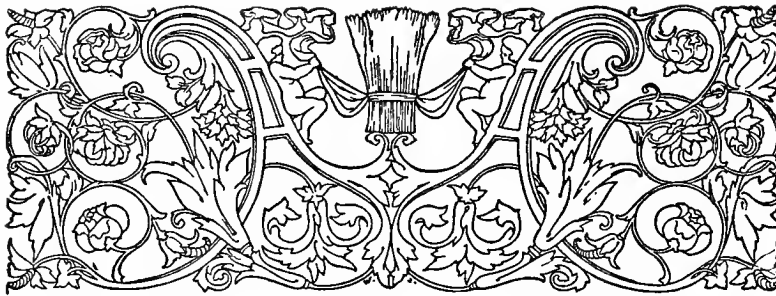
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To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

*[Exeunt with trumpets.]*

---

108 *knock it*] strike up.

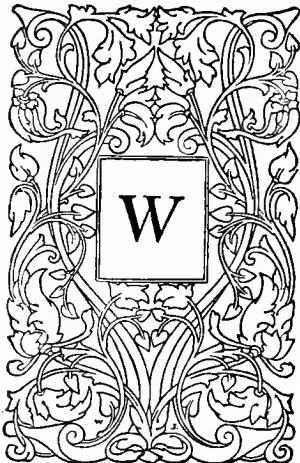


ACT SECOND — SCENE I — WESTMINSTER

A STREET

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting*

FIRST GENTLEMAN



HITHER AWAY SO FAST?

SEC. GENT. O, God save ye!  
Even to the hall, to hear what  
shall become

Of the great Duke of Bucking-  
ham.

FIRST GENT. I'll save you  
That labour, sir. All's now  
done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

SEC. GENT. Were you there?

FIRST GENT. Yes, indeed was

I.

SEC. GENT. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

FIRST GENT. You may guess quickly what.

SEC. GENT. Is he found guilty?

<sup>2</sup> *the hall*] Westminster Hall, where the Duke of Buckingham was tried  
on May 13, 1521.

FIRST GENT. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

SEC. GENT. I am sorry for 't.

FIRST GENT. So are a number more.

SEC. GENT. But, pray, how pass'd it? 10

FIRST GENT. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney on the contrary

Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired

To have brought viva voce to his face:

At which appear'd against him his surveyor;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car, 20

Confessor to him; with that devil monk,

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

SEC. GENT. That was he  
That fed him with his prophecies?

FIRST GENT. The same.  
All these accused him strongly; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not:

And so his peers upon this evidence

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all

Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

---

11 *in a little*] in brief. Cf. *Hen. V*, I, ii, 245: "Thus, then, *in few*  
(sc. words)."

22 *Hopkins*] See I, ii, 147, *supra*, and note.

28 *learnedly*] technically.

28-29 *all Was either . . . forgotten*] All he said either excited mere

SEC. GENT. After all this, how did he bear himself?

FIRST GENT. When he was brought again to the bar,  
to hear

31

His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:  
But he fell to himself again and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

SEC. GENT. I do not think he fears death.

FIRST GENT. Sure, he does not;

He never was so womanish; the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

SEC. GENT. Certainly

The cardinal is the end of this.

FIRST GENT. 'T is likely,

40

By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

---

pity for his suffering or was overlooked, had no effect at all.

33 *he sweat extremely*] Holinshed in describing the duke's demeanour uses the words "He swet maruellouslie."

35 *fell to himself*] came to himself.

40 *the end of*] at the bottom of.

41 *Kildare's attainder*] Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, who was removed from his first tenure of the Lord-Deputyship of Ireland in 1520.

43-44 *Earl Surrey . . . father*] "Father" here means "father-in-law." Kildare's successor in the Lord-Deputyship of Ireland was the Earl of Surrey, heir of the second Duke of Norfolk. He married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, and became third Duke of

SEC. GENT.                         That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

FIRST GENT.                    At his return  
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally, whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

SEC. GENT.                         All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience, 50  
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much  
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,  
The mirror of all courtesy —

FIRST GENT.                       Stay there, sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment, tipstaves before him, the  
axe with the edge towards him, halberds on each side, accompanied  
with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM  
SANDS, and common people, &c.*

SEC. GENT. Let's stand close, and behold him.

BUCK.                                 All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day received a traitor's judgement,

Norfolk in 1524; the poet Earl of Surrey was his eldest son. Cf.  
III, ii, 8 and 254–6, *infra*.

45 *envious*] malicious.

48 *find employment*] find in employment, find employment for.

(stage direction) *halberds*] halberdiers, men armed with halberds.

*Sir William Sands*] Theobald's correction from Holinshed of the  
Folio "Sir Walter Sands."

And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,  
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60  
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!  
 The law I bear no malice for my death; '  
 'T has done upon the premisses but justice:  
 But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:  
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:  
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,  
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.  
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70  
 More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me  
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end,  
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice  
 And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.  
 Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
 If ever any malice in your heart 80  
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.  
 BUCK. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you

67 *build their evils*] "Evils" is usually interpreted as "privies." Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, II, ii, 172, "And pitch our *evils* there." There is a possibility that the word here may mean no more than evil hopes or designs, and that the line is a warning against the hope of prospering in wickedness by removal of great men.

76 *the long divorce of steel*] the steel axe, which divorces for ever my soul from my body.



As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;  
 There cannot be those numberless offences  
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy  
 Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace,  
 And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him  
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers  
 Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live 90  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
 Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!  
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

LOV. To the water side I must conduct your grace;  
 Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
 Who undertakes you to your end.

VAUX. Prepare there;  
 The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,  
 And fit it with such furniture as suits  
 The greatness of his person.

BUCK. Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100  
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.  
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable  
 And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:

85-86 *no black envy Shall mark my grave*] *Mark* is Hanmer's correction of the Folio reading *make*, which some editors defend, interpreting "make my grave" as "bring my life to an end." But "mark" (*i. e.*, characterise) gives a simpler sense. "Envy" means "malice" or "hatred."

97 *undertakes*] takes charge of.

103 *poor Edward Bohun*] Holinshed represents Buckingham as giving himself this name on the scaffold. But his family name was

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;  
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.  
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard,  
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110  
 And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!  
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
 Restored me to my honours, and out of ruins  
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father: 120  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;  
 A most unnatural and faithless service!  
 Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain:  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels

---

Stafford. He was distantly descended in the female line from Humphrey Bohun, the seventh and last Earl of Hereford of the Bohun family, who died in 1372.

106 *with that blood*] with the blood with which I now seal my death.

108 *raised head*] levied a rebel force. The reference is of course to the Duke of Buckingham, who figures in Shakespeare's play of *Richard III*.

Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again 130  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,  
 Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt Duke and Train.*]

FIRST GENT. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads  
 That were the authors.

SEC. GENT. If the duke be guiltless,  
 'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling 140  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this.

FIRST GENT. Good angels keep it from us!  
 What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

SEC. GENT. This secret is so weighty, 't will require  
 A strong faith to conceal it.

FIRST GENT. Let me have it;  
 I do not talk much.

SEC. GENT. I am confident;  
 You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear

127 *loose*] loose of tongue, blabbing.

129 *rub*] hindrance, check: a technical term in the game of bowls.

143 *faith*] good faith, fidelity.

146 *I am confident*] I have confidence in you.

A buzzing of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine?

FIRST GENT. Yes, but it held not:  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger 150  
He sent command to the lord mayor straight  
To stop the rumour and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

SEC. GENT. But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now: for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her: to confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately; 160  
As all think, for this business.

FIRST GENT. 'T is the cardinal;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him at his asking  
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

SEC. GENT. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't  
not cruel  
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

FIRST GENT. 'T is woeful.  
We are too open here to argue this;  
Let 's think in private more. [Exeunt.

152 *allay*] silence, restrain.

168 *too open . . . this*] in too exposed a place to discuss this.

## SCENE II — AN ANTE-CHAMBER IN THE PALACE

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter*

CHAM. "My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the DUKES OF NORFOLK and  
SUFFOLK*

NOR. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

10

CHAM. Good day to both your graces.

SUF. How is the king employ'd?

CHAM. I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

NOR. What's the cause?

CHAM. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

SUF. No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

NOR. 'T is so:

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:

---

4-5 *by commission and main power*] by warrant and main force.

That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

SUF. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

NOR. How holily he works in all his business! 21  
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league  
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,  
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears and despairs; and all these for his marriage:  
And out of all these to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre, 30  
Of her that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with, even of her  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

CHAM. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'T is  
most true

These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,  
And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare  
Look into these affairs see this main end,  
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open

18 *That blind priest . . . fortune*] Fortune, disposing of events blindly,  
is credited with endowing her eldest son with blindness.

19 *Turns what he list*] Directs affairs as he pleases.

29-30 *like a jewel . . . About his neck*] Cf. *Wint. Tale*, I, ii, 307-308.  
"Why he that wears her like her *medal hanging About his neck*."

39 *The French king's sister*] Wolsey at one time vaguely thought of a  
marriage between Henry VIII and Margaret, sister of Francis I, King  
of France, whose first husband Charles, Duke of Alençon, died in

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man. 40

SUF. And free us from his slavery.

NOR. We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages: all men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

SUF. For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the king please; his curses and his blessings 50  
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
To him that made him proud, the pope.

NOR. Let's in;  
And with some other business put the king  
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him:  
My lord, you'll bear us company?

CHAM. Excuse me;  
The king has sent me elsewhere: besides,

---

1525. But she married two years later as her second husband, Henry, King of Navarre, and as Queen of Navarre was the celebrated author of the *Heptameron*. Cf. *infra*, III, ii, 85.

40 *slept upon*] been unobservant of.

41 *This bold bad man*] The expression is also found in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, I, i, 37, "a bold bad man."

47 *Into what pitch*] To whatever height or depth. The cardinal can elevate or depress men's fortunes.

49 *made without him*] not of his making, out of his sphere.

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :  
Health to your lordships.

NOR. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
*[Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws  
the curtain and sits reading pensively.]*

SUF. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted. 60

KING. Who 's there, ha ?

NOR. Pray God he be not angry.

KING. Who 's there, I say ? How dare you thrust  
yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

NOR. A gracious king that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way  
Is business of estate, in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

KING. Ye are too bold :  
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ? 70

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission*

Who 's there ? my good lord cardinal ? O my Wolsey,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience,  
Thou art a cure fit for a king. *[To Camp.]* You're wel-  
come,

---

59 (stage direction) *the King draws the curtain* "Draws" is here  
"draws back." The curtain, or "traverse," in the Elizabethan  
theatre hung across the back part of the stage, and was on occa-  
sion withdrawn to indicate a change of scene or to disclose an  
inner chamber, as here.

67 *estate*] government.



Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom :  
Use us and it. [*To Wols.*] My good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker.

WOL. Sir, you cannot.  
I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

KING. [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy ; go.

NOR. [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him ?

SUF. [*Aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of :

I would not be so sick though for his place : 80  
But this cannot continue.

NOR. [*Aside to Suf.*] If it do,  
I'll venture one have-at-him.

SUF. [*Aside to Nor.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

WOL. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :  
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

74 *Most learned . . . kingdom*] Campeius's correct name was Cardinal Campeggio, who reached England as papal legate on Oct. 7, 1528.

76 *I be not found a talker*] I prove no mere maker of professions (but perform what I promise). Cf. *Rich. III*, I, iii, 352, "talkers are no good doers."

80 *so sick*] afflicted with illness (in the same degree as he is afflicted with pride); the reflection is ironical.

82 *one have-at-him*] one good blow at him. This is Dyce's correction of the First Folio reading *one*; *have at him*. The later Folios read *one heave at him*. Cf. *infra*, III, ii, 309, "Have at you!" and V, iii, 113, "now have at ye."

87 *The Spaniard*] The Spanish people.

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
 I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms 90  
 Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgement,  
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
 This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;  
 Whom once more I present unto your highness.

KING. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves:  
 They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

CAM. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'  
 loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand 100  
 I tender my commission; by whose virtue,  
 The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord  
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant  
 In the impartial judging of this business.

KING. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted  
 Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

WOL. I know your majesty has always loved her  
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
 A woman of less place might ask by law,  
 Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her. 110

KING. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour  
 To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

91 *Have their free voices*] Speak with full liberty, with no restraint.

97 *the holy conclave*] the College of Cardinals in deliberative assembly.

104 *unpartial*] Shakespeare's ordinary spelling of "impartial."

105 *equal*] impartial.

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :  
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.]

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER*

WOL. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy  
and favour to you:  
You are the king's now.

GARD. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

KING. Come hither, Gardiner. [Walks and whispers.]

CAM. My Lord of York, was not Doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?

WOL. Yes, he was. 120

CAM. Was he not held a learned man?

WOL. Yes, surely.

CAM. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then,  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

WOL. How! of me?

CAM. They will not stick to say you envied him,  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him  
That he ran mad and died.

WOL. Heaven's peace be with him!  
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;  
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow, 130  
If I command him, follows my appointment:

126 *Kept . . . [foreign man]* Kept him employed in foreign parts.

130 *that good fellow*] Gardiner has no troublesome scruples.

I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

KING. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of  
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience! 140  
O, 't is a tender place; and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — AN ANTE-CHAMBER OF THE QUEEN'S  
APARTMENTS

*Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady*

ANNE. Not for that neither: here's the pang that  
pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her, and she  
So good a lady that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her — by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing — O, now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthroned,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than  
'T is sweet at first to acquire — after this process,

133 *griped by*] associated with.

6 *courses*] revolutions. Cf. *Sonnet LIX*, 6, "five hundred *courses of the sun.*"

SCENE III KING HENRY VIII

To give her the avaunt! it is a pity 10  
 Would move a monster.

OLD L. Hearts of most hard temper  
 Melt and lament for her.

ANNE. O, God's will! much better  
 She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,  
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
 It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging  
 As soul and body's severing.

OLD L. Alas, poor lady!  
 She's a stranger now again.

ANNE. So much the more  
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
 I swear, 't is better to be lowly born, 20  
 And range with humble livers in content,  
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief  
 And wear a golden sorrow.

OLD L. Our content  
 Is our best having.

10 *give her the avaunt!*] give her the order to quit, say "avaunt!" to her.

12 *much better*] it were much better that.

14 *that quarrel, fortune*] Here the act is put for the agent, *i. e.*, "quarrel" for "quarreller," or maker of quarrels.

15 *a sufferance panging*] a suffering causing as severe a pang or pain. For the general idea of this and the next line, 16, cf. V, i, 68-69, *infra*, and *Ant. and Cleop.* IV, xiii, 5-6: "The soul and body rive not more in parting Than greatness going off."

17 *She's a stranger now again*] a reference to Queen Katharine's Spanish nationality.

21 *perk'd up*] dressed up showily (while one's heart is breaking with grief).

23 *having*] possession.

ANNE. By my troth and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.

OLD L. Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts — 30  
Saving your mincing — the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

ANNE. Nay, good troth.

OLD L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a  
queen?

ANNE. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

OLD L. 'T is strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire  
me,

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

ANNE. No, in truth.

31 *Saving your mincing*] With all deference to your affected coyness.

32 *soft cheveril conscience*] a conscience of soft kid, which would stretch;  
an india-rubber conscience.

34 *troth, and troth*] in sober truth.

36 *a three-pence bow'd*] a bent three-penny piece was often exchanged  
by parties to an agreement, especially in the case of a betrothal.  
But three-penny pieces were not known in Henry VIII's time; they  
first came into circulation in 1561, during the reign of Queen  
Elizabeth.

OLD L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;  
 I would not be a young count in your way, 41  
 For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
 Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 't is too weak  
 Ever to get a boy.

ANNE. How you do talk!  
 I swear again, I would not be a queen  
 For all the world.

OLD L. In faith, for little England  
 You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself  
 Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd  
 No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN*

CHAM. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to  
 know 50  
 The secret of your conference?

ANNE. My good lord,  
 Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
 Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

CHAM. It was a gentle business, and becoming  
 The action of good women: there is hope  
 All will be well.

---

40 *pluck off a little*] let us come lower down in the scale of preferment;  
 let us descend to titles of lower rank.

46 *little England*] Pembrokeshire was commonly called "little England,  
 beyond Wales," because of its fertility.

47 *an emballing*] an acceptance of the ball, one of the symbols of royalty.

48 *Carnarvonshire*] a mountainous and barren tract of country.  
 'long'd] belonged.

52 *it values not*] it is not worth.

ANNE. Now, I pray God, amen!

CHAM. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty 60  
Commends his good opinion of you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

ANNE. I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes  
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 70  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

CHAM. Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused her well;  
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled  
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet  
But from this lady may proceed a gem

61 *of you*] The Folio reads *of you, to you*.

67 *More . . . nothing*] All that I have or am is nothing, so that "more than my all" is still nothing.

74 *approve the fair conceit*] confirm (by my report) the high opinion.

78-79 *a gem . . . isle*] a courtier-like allusion to Queen Elizabeth.



SCENE III KING HENRY VIII

---

To lighten all this isle? — I'll to the king,  
 And say I spoke with you.

ANNE. My honour'd lord. 80  
*[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]*

OLD L. Why, this it is; see, see!  
 I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
 Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could  
 Come pat betwixt too early and too late  
 For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!  
 A very fresh fish here — fie, fie, fie upon  
 This compell'd fortune! — have your mouth fill'd up  
 Before you open it.

ANNE. This is strange to me.

OLD L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.  
 There was a lady once, 't is an old story, 90  
 That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
 For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

ANNE. Come, you are pleasant.

OLD L. With your theme, I could  
 O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!  
 A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!  
 No other obligation! By my life,  
 That promises no thousands: honour's train

84 *Come pat . . . late*] Hit the right moment for gaining my petition.

86 *fresh fish*] novice.

87 *compell'd fortune*] involuntary fortune, fortune secured without exertion.

89 *forty pence*] a colloquial wager; "I'll bet you forty pence." For a like use of "forty," cf. III, ii, 253, *infra*.

92 *For all the mud in Egypt*] It was from the mud and slime of the river Nile that Egypt derived its rich fertility.

97-98 *honour's train . . . foreshirt*] a proverbial expression meaning future honours will be greater than those already possessed.

Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time  
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

ANNE. Good lady, 100  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,  
To think what follows.  
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver  
What here you've heard to her.

OLD L. What do you think me?  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV — A HALL IN BLACK-FRIARS

*Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and Saint ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS; two*

99 *your back . . . duchess*] you will be equal to bear the dignity of a duchess.

101 *your particular fancy*] your own imagination.

103 *salute my blood*] exhilarate me, raise my spirits.

(stage direction) *sennet*] trumpet notes.

*too great silver pillars*] the insignia of a cardinal.

Noblemen *with the sword and mace.* The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The BISHOPS place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The LORDS sit next the BISHOPS. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage

WOL. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

KING. What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

WOL. Be 't so. Proceed.

SCRIBE. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

CRIER. Henry King of England, &c.

KING. Here.

SCRIBE. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court. 11

CRIER. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

*[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]*

Q. KATH. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,  
And to bestow your pity on me; for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here

12 (stage direction) *goes about the court*] walks through the court.

13-57 *Sir, I desire you . . . be fulfill'd*] The whole of Katharine's speech is taken almost verbatim from Holinshed's *Chronicle*.

No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
 In what have I offended you? what cause  
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, 20  
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,  
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
 At all times to your will conformable,  
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
 Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry  
 As I saw it inclined: when was the hour  
 I ever contradicted your desire,  
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30  
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine  
 That had to him derived your anger, did I  
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
 He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind  
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
 With many children by you: if in the course  
 And process of this time you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
 My bond to wedlock or my love and duty, 40  
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,

17 *indifferent*] impartial.

18 *equal*] fair, just. The word means much the same as "indifferent" in the previous line.

32 *to him derived your anger*] drawn on himself your anger.

41 *Against your sacred person*] A repetition of "aught" from the end of line 39 is implied before these words.

Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
 The king, your father, was reputed for  
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,  
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before: it is not to be question'd 50  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly  
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
 Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel  
 I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

WoL. You have here, lady,  
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men  
 Of singular integrity and learning,  
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled 60  
 To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless  
 That longer you desire the court, as well  
 For your own quiet, as to rectify  
 What is unsettled in the king.

CAM. His grace  
 Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,

48-49 *one The wisest prince*] Holinshed's phrase is "one of the wittiest princes."

60 *the elect*] the élite.

62 *That longer . . . court*] That you desire the court to sit longer, that you wish the proceedings prolonged.

It 's fit this royal session do proceed,  
And that without delay their arguments  
Be now produced and heard.

Q. KATH. Lord cardinal,  
To you I speak.

WOL. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. KATH. Sir,  
I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70  
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

WOL. Be patient yet.

Q. KATH. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induced by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge  
You shall not be my judge: for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;  
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again, 80  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

WOL. I do profess  
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity and display'd the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom

76 *Induced by potent circumstances*] Impelled by powerful reasons.

77 *make my challenge*] a law term for a defendant's formal protest  
or challenge of a juryman's qualification.

81 *abhor*] a technical term in canon law for "protest."

O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me  
wrong:

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
For you or any: how far I have proceeded, 90  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me  
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. If he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100  
It lies to cure me; and the cure is to  
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before  
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

Q. KATH. My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-  
mouth'd;  
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,

96 *gainsay my deed*] deny what I have done.

99-100 *free of your report . . . wrong*] innocent of your allegation, he  
knows that I am not immune from the wrong your charge does  
me, from the tongue of slander.

104 *unthink your speaking*] recant in thought your words.

108-109 *You sign . . . seeming*] You give outward sign of your high  
position and vocation in all external aspects.

With meekness and humility; but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. 110  
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
 Where powers are your retainers, and your words,  
 Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour than  
 Your high profession spiritual; that again  
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120  
 And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

CAM. The queen is obstinate,  
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
 Disdainful to be tried by 't: 't is not well.  
 She's going away.

KING. Call her again.

CRIER. Katharine Queen of England, come into the  
 court.

GENT. USH. Madam, you are call'd back.

113-115 *Where powers . . . office*] Where all forms of power are at your call, and words are used by you as mere menials in your service, to bear any significance you at will invest them with, to serve any end that you appoint for them. The general meaning of the second clause of the passage is that Wolsey's use of words pays no heed to truth.

116 *You tender . . . honour*] You bestow more care on, you value more highly, your personal titles of honour, your private distinctions.

127 GENT. USH.] Malone, following the account in Holinshed, gives this speech to "Griffith."



Q. KATH. What need you note it? pray you, keep  
your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!  
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on: 130  
I will not tarry, no, nor ever more  
Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*]

KING. Go thy ways, Kate:  
That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,  
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out, 140  
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born,  
And like her true nobility she has  
Carried herself towards me.

WOL. Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare in hearing  
Of all these ears — for where I am robb'd and bound,  
There must I be unloosed, although not there  
At once and fully satisfied — whether ever I

139 *Obeying in commanding*] combining the habit or temper of obedience with the capacity of command or rule.

140 *could speak thee out*] had tongues to declare thy praise.

144 *require*] request, intreat.

147 *although . . . satisfied*] though immediate and full satisfaction does not lie in your avowal of my innocence, in your releasing me from the bonds of slander which bind me.

Did broach this business to your highness, or  
 Laid any scruple in your way which might 150  
 Induce you to the question on 't? or ever  
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
 A royal lady, spake one the least word that might  
 Be to the prejudice of her present state  
 Or touch of her good person?

KING. My lord cardinal,  
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
 I free you from 't. You are not to be taught  
 That you have many enemies that know not  
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these 160  
 The queen is put in anger. You're excused:  
 But will you be more justified? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never desired  
 It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
 The passages made toward it: on my honour,  
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't,  
 I will be bold with time and your attention:  
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give heed  
 to 't:

My conscience first received a tenderness, 170  
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd

165 *passages*] advances.

166 *I speak . . . point*] I affirm the cardinal's statement on this point.

170-171 *My conscience . . . prick*] Thus Shakespeare translates Holinshed's "a certaine scrupulositie that pricked my conscience."

170 *a tenderness*] an uneasiness.

By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he,  
 I mean the bishop, did require a respite,  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager, 180  
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast; which forced such way  
 That many mazed considerings did throng  
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had  
 Commanded nature that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceived a male-child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to 't than 190  
 The grave does to the dead; for her male issue  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,  
 This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,

172 *Bishop of Bayonne*] Holinshed's error for Grammont, Bishop of Tarbes.

174 *the Duke of Orleans*] the second son of Francis I, King of France.

176 *Ere . . . resolution*] Before any definite conclusion was reached.

181 *Sometimes*] Used like "sometime" for "formerly."

182 *bosom*] Holinshed here reads "bottom." But Shakespeare varied the phrase. The "bosom" is the "heart."

185 *mazed considerings*] bewildering thoughts.

193 *had air'd them*] had given them air or breath.

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
 Be gladdened in 't by me: then follows that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200  
 Toward this remedy whereupon we are  
 Now present here together; that 's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience, which  
 I then did feel full sick and yet not well,  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land  
 And doctors learn'd. First I began in private  
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek,  
 When I first moved you.

LIN. Very well, my liege.

KING. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say 210  
 How far you satisfied me.

LIN. So please your highness,  
 The question did at first so stagger me,  
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't

196 *gladdened*] gladdened.

198 *my issue's fail*] the failure of my issue; cf. I, ii, 145, "our *fail*."

199-200 *hulling in . . . conscience*] drifting like a dismasted hulk in the troubled sea of my conscience. A ship is said to "hull" when she is dismasted and her hull or hulk is at the mercy of the waves.

208 *How . . . I did reek*] How I sweated, perspired with this weight of anxiety.

209 *moved*] consulted.

213 *bearing a state . . . in 't*] engendering a momentous situation of affairs, involving crucial issues.

SCENE IV                    KING HENRY VIII

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And consequence of dread, that I committed  
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,  
 And did entreat your highness to this course  
 Which you are running here.

KING.    I then moved you,  
 My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave  
 To make this present summons: unsolicited  
 I left no reverend person in this court;    220  
 But by particular consent proceeded  
 Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;  
 For no dislike i' the world against the person  
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:  
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
 That 's paragon'd o' the world.

CAM.    So please your highness,  
 The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness    231  
 That we adjourn this court till further day:

---

214-215 *I committed . . . to doubt*] The bishop's courage allowed him to go no further in offering counsel than to admit that the point was open to grave doubt and required fullest investigation.

228 *To wear . . . with her*] To adapt our life so as to enjoy her companionship.

229-230 *the primest . . . o' the world*] the most perfect creature that admits of comparison with her in the world. Shakespeare often uses the word "paragon" as a verb in the sense of "compare" or "admit of comparison"; cf. *Othello*, II, i, 61-62, "a maid That *paragons* description and wild fame."

---

Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness.

KING.                    *[Aside]* I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. — Break up the court:        240  
I say, set on.

*[Exeunt in manner as they entered.]*

---

238-239 *Cranmer, Prithee, return]* Cranmer was at the moment absent  
on a foreign mission. Cf. III, ii, 64, *infra*.

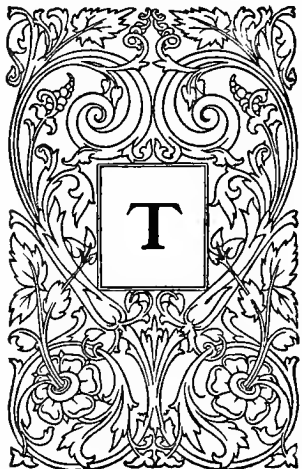


ACT THIRD — SCENE I — LONDON

THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS

*The QUEEN and her Women, as at work*

Q. KATHARINE



TAKE THY LUTE, WENCH:  
my soul grows sad with troubles;  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou  
canst: leave working.

SONG

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung, as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

10

---

10 *sea*] pronounced to rhyme with "play."

*Enter a Gentleman*

Q. KATH. How now !

GENT. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
Wait in the presence.

Q. KATH. Would they speak with me ?

GENT. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. KATH. Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business  
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour? 20  
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,  
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous :  
But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the two CARDINALS, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS*

WOL. Peace to your highness !

Q. KATH. Your graces find me here part of a house-  
wife ;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

WOL. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

Q. KATH. Speak it here ;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, 30  
Deserves a corner : would all other women

17 *presence*] presence-chamber, where a royal personage receives visitors.

23 *all hoods make not monks*] a familiar proverb, which Shakespeare  
twice quotes in Latin, viz.: *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 261 and *Tw.*  
*Night*, I, v, 50-51; "cucullus non facit monachum."

31 *Deserves a corner*] Requires privacy.



Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!  
 My lords, I care not, so much I am happy  
 Above a number, if my actions  
 Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
 Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
 I know my life so even. If your business  
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
 Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

WOL. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina  
 serenissima, —* 40

Q. KATH. O, good my lord, no Latin;  
 I am not such a truant since my coming,  
 As not to know the language I have lived in:  
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-  
 picious;  
 Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,  
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;  
 Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,  
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
 May be absolved in English.

WOL. Noble lady, 50  
 I am sorry my integrity should breed,  
 And service to his majesty and you,

32 *free*] innocent. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 236, "we that have *free souls*"  
 and II, iv, 99, *supra*.

36-37 *Envy . . . so even*] Malice and disreputable opinion exerted their  
 utmost power against my actions. I know my life so regular (as to  
 answer every test). "Even" is used in the somewhat different sense  
 of "placid" in line 166, *infra*, "A soul as *even* as a calm."

37-38 *If your business . . . wife in*] If it be your business to investigate  
 my conduct, and especially my conduct in wifely relations.

So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
 We come not by the way of accusation,  
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow —  
 You have too much, good lady — but to know  
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
 Between the king and you, and to deliver,  
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions 60  
 And comforts to your cause.

CAM. Most honour'd madam,  
 My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,  
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,  
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
 Both of his truth and him, which was too far,  
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
 His service and his counsel.

Q. KATH. [*Aside*] To betray me. —  
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;  
 Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!  
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70  
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
 More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,  
 And to such men of gravity and learning,  
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
 Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking  
 Either for such men or such business.

56 *betray . . . sorrow*] involve you in any degree of sorrow.

60 *free*] impartial.

61 *And comforts*] [And to offer] sympathetic assistance.

65 *was too far*] went too far, was immoderate.

74 *set at work*] sitting at work.

For her sake that I have been — for I feel  
 The last fit of my greatness — good your graces,  
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause:  
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless! 80

WOL. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these  
 fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. KATH. In England  
 But little for my profit: can you think, lords,  
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure —  
 Though he be grown so desperate to be honest —  
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here:  
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence 90  
 In mine own country, lords.

CAM. I would your grace  
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. KATH. How, sir?

CAM. Put your main cause into the king's protection;  
 He's loving and most gracious: 't will be much  
 Both for your honour better and your cause;

77 *For her sake . . . been*] For the sake of the position of queen that I  
 once filled.

78 *The last fit of*] The last chapter (in the tale) of.

86 *Though . . . honest*] Though an Englishman adopt so desperate a  
 course as to give honest counsel.

87 *And live a subject?*] And venture to face life as a subject of King  
 Henry?

88 *weigh out*] fully appreciate or estimate.

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
You'll part away disgraced.

WOL. He tells you rightly.

Q. KATH. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:  
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge 100  
That no king can corrupt.

CAM. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. KATH. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought  
ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:  
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries;  
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once 110  
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

WOL. Madam, this is a mere distraction;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. KATH. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,  
And all such false professors! would you have me —  
If you have any justice, any pity,  
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits —

101-102 *Your rage mistakes us . . . shame for ye*] Your angry passion leads you to misunderstand us. The queen understands the remark as an insinuation that she is in error as to who her interlocutors are, and retorts that her misapprehension is their own fault.

113 *envy*] malice.

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
 Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,  
 His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords, 120  
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
 Is only my obedience. What can happen  
 To me above this wretchedness? all your studies  
 Make me a curse like this.

CAM. Your fears are worse.

Q. KATH. Have I lived thus long — let me speak  
 myself,  
 Since virtue finds no friends — a wife, a true one?  
 A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,  
 Never yet branded with suspicion?  
 Have I with all my full affections  
 Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd  
 him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
 And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.  
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
 One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,  
 And to that woman, when she has done most,  
 Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

WOL. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
 To give up willingly that noble title 140

131 *Been . . . superstitious to him*] Have, owing to the greatness of my affection, paid him superstitious reverence, showed him more consideration than was needed.

137 *Yet . . . patience*] Yet will I offer in my example the merit of a great patience in addition to that which the most faithful wife can show.

Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

WOL. Pray, hear me.

Q. KATH. Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
What will become of me now, wretched lady!  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?  
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me; 150  
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.

WOL. If your grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,  
The way of our profession is against it:  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160  
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits

145 *Ye have . . . your hearts*] A reference to the traditional remark of Pope Gregory VIII, when he saw children of the Angli in the slave market at Rome, "Non Angli, sed Angeli." Elizabethan writers were fond of playing with the phrase.

151-152 *the lily . . . field*] Cf. Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, II, vi, 16: "*The lily, lady of the flowering field.*"

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
 A soul as even as a calm: pray think us  
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

CAM. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your  
 virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,  
 As yours was put into you, ever casts 170  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;  
 Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please  
 To trust us in your business, we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. KATH. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray for-  
 give me,

If I have used myself unmannerly;  
 You know I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray do my service to his majesty:  
 He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers 180  
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,  
 Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

166 *even*] placid. Cf. line 37, *supra*, note.

176 *used myself*] behaved myself.

SCENE II — ANTE-CHAMBER TO THE KING'S  
APARTMENT

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN*

NOR. If you will now unite in your complaints  
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them: if you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

SUR. I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
To be revenged on him.

SUF. Which of the peers  
Have uncontentn'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard

2 *force them with a constancy*] urge them with consistency.

8 *my father-in-law, the duke*] The duke is the Duke of Buckingham. Shakespeare here confuses the Duke of Buckingham's son-in-law, the Earl of Surrey and 3rd Duke of Norfolk, with that son-in-law's son, the poet Earl of Surrey. The date of the events dramatised in this scene is 1529; the Earl of Surrey, who had married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, had been since 1524 (3rd) Duke of Norfolk, and his son, the poet earl, was less than twelve years old. See II, i, 43, *supra*, and note.

11 *Strangely neglected*] Not been exposed to the neglect commonly accorded an alien. The negative particle is implied here. The word "uncontentn'd" in the first clause of the sentence lends the second clause its negative force.



SCENE II      KING HENRY VIII

---

The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

CHAM.            My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
What he deserves of you and me I know;  
What we can do to him, though now the time  
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in 's tongue.

NOR.            O, fear him not;  
His spell in that is out: the king hath found  
Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

20

SUR.            Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

NOR.            Believe it, this is true:  
In the divorce his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears  
As I would wish mine enemy.

SUR.            How came  
His practices to light?

SUR.            Most strangely.

---

13 *Out of himself*] except himself.

16 *Gives way to us*] Gives us opportunities.

22-23 *he 's settled . . . come off*] he is so inextricably involved in the king's anger, he is so deeply implicated in the royal displeasure, that there is no chance of his getting free of it.

26 *his contrary proceedings*] his private procedures contradicting his public action.

SUR. O, how, how?

SUF. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried, 30  
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; for if  
It did take place, "I do" quoth he "perceive  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

SUR. Has the king this?

SUF. Believe it.

SUR. Will this work?

CHAM. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts  
And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic 40  
After his patient's death: the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

SUR. Would he had!

SUF. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!  
For, I profess, you have it.

SUR. Now, all my joy  
Trace the conjunction!

SUF. My amen to 't!

NOR. All men's!

38-39 *he coasts . . . hedges*] he skulks; "coasts" applies to a vessel creeping clandestinely along the coast; "hedges" means the same sort of movement on land, and is used of a fugitive who steals along under the cover of hedges.

41-42 *the king . . . lady*] Henry's marriage to Anne Boleyn took place on 14 November, 1532, and was not announced till the following April.

45 *Trace the conjunction*] Follow the union. "Conjunction" was an astrological term for the auspicious meeting of two planets.

SUF. There's order given for her coronation :  
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
 To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
 She is a gallant creature and complete  
 In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her 50  
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
 In it be memorized.

SUR. But will the king  
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's?  
 The Lord forbid!

NOR. Marry, amen!

SUF. No, no;  
 There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose  
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
 Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;  
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and  
 Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,  
 To second all his plot. I do assure you 60  
 The king cried "Ha!" at this.

CHAM. Now God incense him,  
 And let him cry "Ha!" louder!

NOR. But, my lord,  
 When returns Cranmer?

SUF. He is return'd in his opinions, which

51-52 *which shall . . . memorized*] shall be made memorable by it  
*(i. e., the blessing)*. There is an obvious reference to the reign of  
 Queen Elizabeth.

53 *Digest*] suffer or condone.

61 "Ha!"] An exclamation of angry surprise.

64 *He is return'd . . . opinions*] Cranmer has come back in so far as  
 he has sent his opinions home. Cranmer had been despatched on

Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
 Together with all famous colleges  
 Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,  
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
 Her coronation. Katharine no more  
 Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager 70  
 And widow to Prince Arthur.

NOR. This same Cranmer's  
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
 In the king's business.

SUF. He has; and we shall see him  
 For it an archbishop.

NOR. So I hear.

SUF. 'T is so.  
 The cardinal!

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL*

NOR. Observe, observe, he's moody.

WOL. The packet, Cromwell,  
 Gave't you the king?

CROM. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

WOL. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

CROM. Presently  
 He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,  
 He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80  
 Was in his countenance. You he bade  
 Attend him here this morning.

a mission to the universities of Europe in order to ascertain the  
 views of the great canonists of the day on the subject of Henry VIII's  
 proposed divorce; cf. II, iv, 238-239, *supra*.

80 a heed] deep attention, careful thought.

WOL. Is he ready  
To come abroad?

CROM. I think, by this he is.

WOL. Leave me awhile. *[Exit Cromwell.]*

*[Aside]* It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,  
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.  
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:  
There's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!  
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke! 90

NOR. He's discontented.

SUF. May be, he hears the king  
Does whet his anger to him.

SUR. Sharp enough,  
Lord, for thy justice!

WOL. *[Aside]* The late queen's gentlewoman, a  
knight's daughter,  
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!  
This candle burns not clear: 't is I must snuff it;  
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous  
And well deserving? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100  
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
And is his oracle.

85 *the Duchess of Alençon*] See II, ii, 39, *supra*, and note.

92 *Does whet his anger to him*] like a wild boar whetting his tusks  
against a tree, when an object of attack is in view.

101 *hard-ruled*] difficult to rule.

NOR. He is vex'd at something.

SUR. I would 't were something that would fret the  
string,  
The master-cord on's heart!

*Enter KING, reading of a schedule, and LOVELL*

SUF. The king, the king!

KING. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour  
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords, 110  
Saw you the cardinal?

NOR. My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion  
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight  
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts  
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

KING. It may well be;  
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning 120  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I required: and wot you what I found  
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,

107 *master-cord*] chief artery.

124 *Forsooth, an inventory*] No such error is known to have been committed by Wolsey. Shakespeare credits the cardinal with an unlucky act of absentmindedness, which Holinshed assigns to

The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which  
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

NOR.                   It's heaven's will:  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

KING.                   If we did think  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

130

*[King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.]*

WOL.                   Heaven forgive me!  
Ever God bless your highness!

KING.                   Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind; the which

---

another bishop of the day, Thomas Ruthal, Bishop of Durham, who wrote at the king's order an estimate of the wealth of the kingdom, and then by mistake forwarded to his royal master, instead of his report of the national property, a full statement of his own personal possessions. The royal reprimand on the discovery of the bishop's error caused his death. Wolsey helped to secure the bishop's disgrace, and it is therefore an act of poetic justice on Shakespeare's part to make him suffer for an imaginary inadvertency of the like kind; see line 210, *infra*.

125 *parcels*] items.

127-128 *out-speaks Possession of a subject*] exceeds the due property of a subject.

You were now running o'er: you have scarce time  
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140  
 To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that  
 I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
 To have you therein my companion.

WOL. Sir,  
 For holy offices I have a time; a time  
 To think upon the part of business which  
 I bear i' the state; and nature does require  
 Her times of preservation, which perforce  
 I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
 Must give my tendance to.

KING. You have said well.

WOL. And ever may your highness yoke together, 150  
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
 With my well saying!

KING. 'T is well said again;  
 And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:  
 And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:  
 He said he did, and with his deed did crown  
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
 I have kept you next my heart; have not alone  
 Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
 But pared my present havings, to bestow  
 My bounties upon you.

140 *spiritual leisure*] leisure for spiritual exercises.

141 *earthly audit*] secular accounts.

142 *ill husband*] poor manager or economist.

155-156 *with his deed did crown His word*] notably made good his word  
 by his act. Cf. *Macb.*, IV, i, 149; "To crown my thoughts *with acts*."

159 *pared my present havings*] diminished my present possessions.



WOL. [Aside] What should this mean? 160

SUR. [Aside] The Lord increase this business!

KING. Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true:

And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

WOL. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170  
Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends  
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,  
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.

KING. Fairly answer'd;

168-169 *which . . . man's endeavours*] The antecedent here is the bestowal of royal graces, *i. e.*, favours, and not the cardinal's "studied purposes." The king's favours were greater than any man's endeavours could merit.

171 *Yet filed . . . abilities*] Yet they kept pace with, marched in file with, my abilities. The Folio reading here is *fill'd*, which Hanmer corrected to *filed*. The substantive "file" is used somewhat similarly, I, ii, 42, *supra*.

176 *allegiant*] loyal.

A loyal and obedient subject is 180  
 Therein illustrated: the honour of it  
 Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,  
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume  
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rein'd honour, more  
 On you than any; so your hand and heart,  
 Your brain and every function of your power,  
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
 As 't were in love's particular, be more  
 To me, your friend, than any.

WOL. 190 I do profess  
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will be —  
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
 Appear in forms more horrid — yet my duty,  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

181-182 *the honour . . . act of it*] the honour attaching to loyalty is a fit reward of loyal action.

187-190 *every function . . . than any*] Every function at your command, quite apart from the legal ties of allegiance should, in right of personal affection, be more fully devoted to the service of me, your friend, than to that of anybody else.

192 *than am, have, and will be*] This is the Folio reading, which has been much disputed. Wolsey's utterance may justly be assumed to be disturbed by emotion, which embarrasses his speech, and injures its grammar. Here he takes up the king's exhortation, and asserts that he is, has been, and will be, all that his master expected him to be, *i. e.*, a labourer "for his highness' good."

193 *crack*] break, renounce.

Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

KING. 'T is nobly spoken.  
Take notice, lords, he has a royal breast, 200  
For you have seen him open't. [*Giving him papers.*] Read  
o'er this;  
And after, this: and then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal: the nobles  
throng after him, smiling and whispering.]*

WOL. What should this mean?  
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;  
I fear, the story of his anger. 'T is so;  
This paper has undone me: 't is the account 210  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!  
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

---

208 *makes him nothing*] crushes him altogether.

210 *This paper has undone me*] See note on line 124, *supra*.

214 *cross devil*] perverse devil. Cf. the modern expression "at cross purposes."

Will bring me off again. What's this? "To the Pope!"  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business 221  
 I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;  
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to WOLSEY the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK,  
 the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN*

NOR. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who com-  
 mands you  
 To render up the great seal presently  
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230  
 To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,  
 Till you hear further from his highness.

WOL. Stay:  
 Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry  
 Authority so weighty.

SUF. Who dare cross 'em,  
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

220 *bring me off]* rescue me, re-establish me.

225-226 *I shall fall . . . evening]* This figurative description of death  
 is often repeated by the Elizabethan dramatists. "Exhalation"  
 was in common use for "meteor." Cf. Massinger, *The Virgin  
 Martyr*, V, ii, 318: "*In the evening, When thou should'st pass  
 with honour to thy rest, Wilt thou fall like a meteor.*"

231 *Asher-house]* Esher House, the property of the see of Winchester,  
 which Wolsey himself had lately acquired. Esher was therefore  
 one of his own palaces.

WOL. Till I find more than will or words to do it —  
 I mean your malice — know, officious lords,  
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded — envy :  
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240  
 As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton  
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !  
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;  
 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,  
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal  
 You ask with such a violence, the king,  
 Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me ;  
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
 During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,  
 Tied it by letters-patents : now, who 'll take it ? 250

SUR. The king, that gave it.

WOL. It must be himself, then.

SUR. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

WOL. Proud lord, thou liest

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better

Have burnt that tongue than said so.

SUR. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

---

236-238 *Till I find . . . deny it*] Till I find more authority to compel this deed of renunciation than mere will or words on your part — I mean your malicious feeling — know, officious lords, that I dare, and am resolved, to refuse recognition of this order.

253 *forty hours*] This numeral was in common colloquial use for anything of limited extent. Cf. II, iii, 89, *supra*: “*forty* pence, no,” and *Cor.*, III, i, 243: “I could beat *forty* of them.”

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
 With thee and all thy best parts bound together,  
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!  
 You sent me deputy for Ireland; 260  
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;  
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
 Absolved him with an axe.

WOL. This, and all else  
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was  
 From any private malice in his end,  
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
 If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you 270  
 You have as little honesty as honour,  
 That in the way of loyalty and truth  
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
 And all that love his follies.

256 *Buckingham, my father-in-law*] Shakespeare still persists in his wrong identification of the young Earl of Surrey of this period with that earl's father, the Duke of Norfolk, who married Buckingham's daughter, and figures as another character in this very scene. See II, i, 43-44, and III, ii, 8, *supra*, and notes.

262 *thou gavest him*] thou didst impute to him (*i. e.*, Buckingham).

269 *noble jury*] jury of noblemen, jury of his peers.

272-275 *That in the way of . . . follies*] The antecedent of "That" (*i. e.*, "who") is "I" from "I should tell you" of line 270. "Mate" means "match" or "compete with."

SUR. By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst  
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280  
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap like larks.

WOL. All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

SUR. Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets  
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state 290  
Of our despised nobility, our issues,  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life. I'll startle you

280 *jaded . . . scarlet*] ridden by this fellow in the scarlet robes (of a cardinal).

282 *dare . . . like larks*] a reference to the practice of catching larks by luring them to small mirrors sometimes called "*daring* glasses" fastened on pieces of scarlet cloth, when the fowler drew his net over them. "Dare" has a technical meaning here of causing birds to cower. "His cap" refers to the cardinal's scarlet biretta.

Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench  
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

WOL. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,  
But that I am bound in charity against it!

NOR. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:  
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

WOL. So much fairer 300  
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

SUR. This cannot save you:  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles, and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush and cry "guilty," cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

WOL. Speak on, sir;  
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

SUR. I had rather want those than my head. Have  
at you!  
First that, without the king's assent or knowledge, 310  
You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

NOR. Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, "Ego et Rex meus"  
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

295 *the sacring bell*] the little bell, which gives notice of the approach  
of the "Host" when carried in procession in Roman Catholic  
churches.

304 *Some of these articles*] The details of the articles which follow are  
drawn very literally from Holinshed.



SUF. Then that, without the knowledge  
 Either of king or council, when you went  
 Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
 To carry into Flanders the great seal.

SUR. Item, you sent a large commission 320  
 To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,  
 Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
 A league between his highness and Ferrara.

SUF. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused  
 Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

SUR. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-  
 stance —

By what means got, I leave to your own conscience —  
 To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
 You have for dignities, to the mere undoing  
 Of all the kingdom. Many more there are; 330  
 Which, since they are of you and odious,  
 I will not taint my mouth with.

CHAM. O my lord!  
 Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:  
 His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
 Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
 So little of his great self.

SUR. I forgive him.

SUF. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is —  
 Because all those things you have done of late,

---

321 *Cassado*] Thus the Folios, following the text of Holinshed. Rowe  
 and many succeeding editors read more correctly *Cassalis*. The  
 man's surname is usually spelt "Casale."

322 *the state's allowance*] the government's approval.

329 *the mere undoing*] the absolute ruin.

By your power legatine, within this kingdom,  
 Fall into the compass of a *præmunire* — 340  
 That therefore such a writ be sued against you;  
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
 Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
 Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

NOR. And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer  
 About the giving back the great seal to us,  
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
 So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

WOL. So farewell to the little good you bear me. 350  
 Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory, 360  
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,

340 *Fall . . . præmunire*] Subject you to the penalties of the statute of *præmunire*, which forbade the assertion of any foreign jurisdiction, such as the Pope's, in England.

343 *Chattels*] Theobald's correction of the Folio misreading, *Castles*. Holinshed uses here the word "cattels."

353 *hopes*] Thus the Folios. Steevens substituted *hope*.

Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have: 370  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

CROM. I have no power to speak, sir.

WOL. What, amazed

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder  
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
 I am fall'n indeed.

CROM. How does your grace?

WOL. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
 I know myself now; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me, 380  
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,  
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour.  
 O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

369 *their ruin*] the ruin princes inflict.

CROM. I am glad your grace has made that right use  
of it.

WOL. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
To endure more miseries and greater far  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390  
What news abroad?

CROM. The heaviest and the worst  
Is your displeasure with the king.

WOL. God bless him!

CROM. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord chancellor in your place.

WOL. That's somewhat sudden:  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!  
What more?

CROM. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome, 400  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL. That's news indeed.

CROM. Last, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open as his queen,  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

392 *your displeasure with the king*] the displeasure or disgrace you have  
incurred with the king.

399 *orphans' tears*] The chancellor was the official guardian of orphans.

404 *in open*] in public.

WOL. There was the weight that pull'd me down.  
O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost forever:  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, 410  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;  
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him  
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;  
Some little memory of me will stir him —  
I know his noble nature — not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide 420  
For thine own future safety.

CROM. O my lord,  
Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo  
So good, so noble and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.  
The king shall have my service, but my prayers  
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 430  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

408 *has gone beyond me*] has overreached me.

420 *make use*] make interest.

430 *thy honest truth*] thy fidelity.

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: 440  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate  
 thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-  
 well,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;  
 And prithee, lead me in: 450  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal

---

455-457 *Had I but . . . enemies*] Holinshed reports that the cardinal in his last hours addressed these words to his servant, Master Kingston: "If I had served God as diligentlie as I have doone the king, he would not haue giuen me ouer in my greie haire."

SCENE II      KING HENRY VIII

---

I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good sir, have patience.

WOL.                                      So I have. Farewell  
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

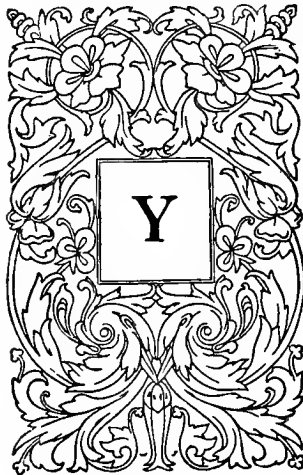
*[Exeunt.]*



ACT FOURTH — SCENE I  
A STREET IN WESTMINSTER

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another*

FIRST GENTLEMAN



YOU'RE WELL MET ONCE  
again.

SEC. GENT. So are you.

FIRST GENT. You come to  
take your stand here and behold  
The Lady Anne pass from her  
coronation?

SEC. GENT. 'T is all my busi-  
ness. At our last encounter,  
The Duke of Buckingham came  
from his trial.

FIRST GENT. 'T is very true:  
but that time offer'd sorrow;  
This, general joy.

SEC. GENT. 'T is well: the citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds —

<sup>1</sup> *You're well met once again*] The two gentlemen have met before, II, i  
(for the same purpose of indicating the general course of the action).



As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward —  
In celebration of this day with shows, 10  
Pageants and sights of honour.

FIRST GENT. Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

SEC. GENT. May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?

FIRST GENT. Yes; 't is the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day  
By custom of the coronation.  
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

SEC. GENT. I thank you, sir: had I not known those  
customs, 20  
I should have been beholding to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

FIRST GENT. That I can tell you too. The Arch-  
bishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance and 30  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorced,

---

8 *their royal minds*] their minds well affected to the king.

31 *by the main assent*] by the general assent.

And the late marriage made of none effect:  
 Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,  
 Where she remains now sick.

SEC. GENT. Alas, good lady! [*Trumpets.*  
 The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.  
 [*Hautboys.*

## THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. LORD CHANCELLOR, *with purse and mace before him.*
4. CHORISTERS, *singing.* Musicians.
5. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. MARQUESS DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demicoronal of gold. With him, the EARL OF SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the BISHOPS OF LONDON and WINCHESTER.*

34 *Kimbolton*] The First and Second Folios print the word *Kymmalton*, which gives the contemporary pronunciation.

36 *the queen is coming*] Anne Boleyn's coronation took place on 1 June, 1533.

(stage direction 5) *coat of arms*] The Garter king's coat of office emblazoned with the royal arms.

6 *demicoronal*] coronet.

7 *Collars of SS.*] Chains worn about the neck of which the links were shaped like the letter S.

9. *The old DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the QUEEN'S train.*  
 10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*  
*They pass over the stage in order and state.*

SEC. GENT. A royal train, believe me. These I know:  
 Who's that that bears the sceptre?

FIRST GENT. Marquess Dorset:  
 And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

SEC. GENT. A bold brave gentleman. That should  
 be 40

The Duke of Suffolk?

FIRST GENT. 'T is the same: high-steward.

SEC. GENT. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

FIRST GENT. Yes.

SEC. GENT. [*Looking on the Queen.*] Heaven bless thee!  
 Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.  
 Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;  
 Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
 And more and richer, when he strains that lady:  
 I cannot blame his conscience.

FIRST GENT. They that bear  
 The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
 Of the Cinque-ports.

SEC. GENT. Those men are happy; and so are all are  
 near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train  
 Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

FIRST GENT. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

---

46 *strains*] embraces.

SEC. GENT. Their coronets say so. These are stars  
indeed,  
And sometimes falling ones.

FIRST GENT. No more of that.  
*[Exit procession; and then a  
great flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter a third Gentleman*

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

THIRD GENT. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where  
a finger

Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

SEC. GENT. You saw  
The ceremony?

THIRD GENT. That I did.

FIRST GENT. How was it? 60

THIRD GENT. Well worth the seeing.

SEC. GENT. Good sir, speak it to us.

THIRD GENT. As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her; while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man: which when the people 70  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,

67 *opposing freely*] freely displaying.

As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks, —  
 Doublets, I think, — flew up; and had their faces  
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
 I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
 That had not half a week to go, like rams  
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
 Could say "This is my wife" there, all were woven 80  
 So strangely in one piece.

SEC. GENT. But what follow'd?

THIRD GENT. At length her grace rose, and with  
 modest paces  
 Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saintlike  
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly;  
 Then rose again and bow'd her to the people;  
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
 She had all the royal makings of a queen,  
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
 Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir, 90  
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
 Together sung "Te Deum." So she parted,  
 And with the same full state paced back again  
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

FIRST GENT. Sir,  
 You must no more call it York-place; that 's past;  
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:  
 'T is now the king's and call'd Whitehall.

THIRD GENT. I know it;

78 *the press*] the crowded mob. Cf. V, iv, 81, *infra*.

But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

SEC. GENT. What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the queen? 100

THIRD GENT. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of  
Winchester,  
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,  
The other, London.

SEC. GENT. He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

THIRD GENT. All the land knows that:  
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

SEC. GENT. Who may that be, I pray you?

THIRD GENT. Thomas Cromwell;  
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly  
A worthy friend. The king has made him master 110  
O' the jewel house,  
And one, already, of the privy council.

SEC. GENT. He will deserve more.

THIRD GENT. Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,  
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

BOTH. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

101 *the one of Winchester*] Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

103 *The other, London*] Stokesly, Bishop of London.

## SCENE II — KIMBOLTON

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH,  
her Gentleman Usher, and PATIENCE, her woman*

GRIF. How does your grace?

KATH. O Griffith, sick to death!  
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.  
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

GRIF. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

KATH. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:  
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, 10  
For my example.

GRIF. Well, the voice goes, madam:  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.

KATH. Alas, poor man!

6-7 *Cardinal Wolsey . . . dead*] Wolsey died on November 29, 1530.  
But the events of this scene cannot be dated earlier than January,  
1536. Queen Katherine died on January 7, 1536.

11 *the voice*] rumour.

13-14 *brought him . . . to his answer*] conveyed him as a man deeply  
stained with guilt to stand his trial.

GRIF. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,  
 Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,  
 With all his covent, honourably received him;  
 To whom he gave these words, "O father abbot, 20  
 An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
 Give him a little earth for charity!"  
 So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness  
 Pursued him still; and three nights after this,  
 About the hour of eight, which he himself  
 Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,  
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,  
 He gave his honours to the world again,  
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. 30

KATH. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!  
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
 And yet with charity. He was a man  
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
 Himself with princes; one that by suggestion  
 Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play:  
 His own opinion was his law: i' the presence  
 He would say untruths, and be ever double

17 *with easy roads*] by easy stages.

19 *covent*] the old form of convent, *i. e.*, monastery.

24 *eagerly*] sharply.

34 *stomach*] pride, arrogance.

35-36 *by suggestion . . . kingdom*] by crafty scheming subjected or enslaved all the kingdom to him. Holinshed writes of the cardinal thus: "This Cardinal was of a great stomach; for he computed himself equal with princes, and by craftie suggestions got into his hands innumerable treasure."

37 *presence*] royal presence.



Both in his words and meaning: he was never,  
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful: 40  
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing:  
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
 The clergy ill example.

GRIF. Noble madam,  
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
 We write in water. May it please your highness  
 To hear me speak his good now?

KATH. Yes, good Griffith;  
 I were malicious else.

GRIF. This cardinal,  
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle. 50  
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:  
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,  
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.  
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
 Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely: ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,

43 *Of his own body he was ill*] Holinshed writes: "He was vicious of his body," *i. e.*, he indulged in immoralities.

48-68 *This cardinal . . . fearing God*] Griffith's defence of the cardinal verbally adapts Edmund Campion's appreciation of Wolsey in his *History of Ireland* written about 1580, though not printed till 1633. Holinshed quotes Campion's friendly estimate, but expresses disagreement with it. Queen Katharine has already given Holinshed's own estimate of Wolsey.

Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; 60  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little:  
 And, to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

KATH. After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions, 70  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth and modesty,  
 Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!  
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,  
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
 I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.* 80

GRIF. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,  
 For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

59 *Ipswich and Oxford*] Wolsey's design of a college at Ipswich came to nothing. Christ Church, which he founded in Oxford, is a permanent memorial of him.

60 *the good that did it*] the benefactor.

62 *in art*] in learning.

65 *felt himself*] knew himself.

78 *note*] tune, melody.

*The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six person-ages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

KATH. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

GRIF. Madam, we are here.

KATH. It is not you I call for:  
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

GRIF. None, madam.

KATH. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promised me eternal happiness,  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

90

GRIF. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

KATH. Bid the music leave;  
They are harsh and heavy to me. *[Music ceases.*

(stage direction) *vizards*] masks.

*changes*] changes of figure in the dance, breaks in the dance.

94 *leave*] cease.

PAT. Do you note  
 How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
 How long her face is drawn! how pale she looks,  
 And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!  
 GRIF. She is going, wench: pray, pray.  
 PAT. Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger*

MESS. An 't like your grace, —  
 KATH. You are a saucy fellow:  
 Deserve we no more reverence?  
 GRIF. You are to blame, 101  
 Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
 To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.  
 MESS. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;  
 My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
 A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.  
 KATH. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow  
 Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*]

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS*

If my sight fail not,  
 You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
 My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110  
 CAP. Madam, the same; your servant.  
 KATH. O, my lord,  
 The times and titles now are alter'd strangely

112 *titles*] the mode in which she is addressed. She had just protested, at line 100, against the messenger calling her "your grace," and now notices the term "madam," which Capucius employs.

With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

CAP. Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

KATH. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;  
'T is like a pardon after execution: 121  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;  
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.  
How does his highness?

CAP. Madam, in good health.

KATH. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,  
I caused you write, yet sent away?

PAT. No, madam.  
[Giving it to Katharine.]

KATH. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

CAP. Most willing, madam. 130

KATH. In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter, —  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her! —  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding —  
She is young and of a noble modest nature:

118 *commendations*] greetings.

132 *model*] image in miniature.

I hope she will deserve well — and a little  
 To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,  
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
 Is that his noble grace would have some pity  
 Upon my wretched women, that so long 140  
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow, —  
 And now I should not lie — but will deserve,  
 For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
 For honesty and decent carriage,  
 A right good husband, let him be a noble :  
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
 The last is, for my men ; they are the poorest,  
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;  
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 150  
 And something over to remember me by :  
 If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life  
 And able means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents : and, good my lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
 To do me this last right.

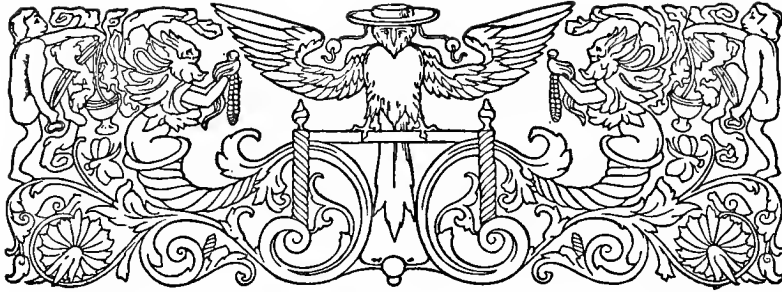
CAP. By heaven, I will,  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

KATH. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160  
 In all humility unto his highness :  
 Say his long trouble now is passing

146 *let him be a noble*] though he should be of noble blood.

159 *the fashion*] the form.

Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,  
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,  
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;  
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,  
Let me be used with honour: strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me, 170  
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more. *[Exeunt, leading Katharine.]*

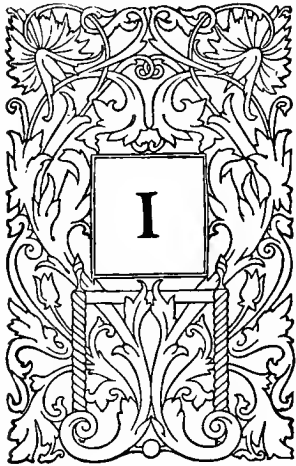


ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — LONDON

*A GALLERY IN THE PALACE*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch  
before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL*

GARDINER



T'S ONE O'CLOCK, BOY,  
is 't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

GAR. These should be hours  
for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair  
our nature  
With comforting repose, and not  
for us

To waste these times. Good  
hour of night, Sir Thomas!  
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from  
the king, my lord?

GAR. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero  
With the Duke of Suffolk.

---

7 *primero*] the fashionable game of cards.



LOV. I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

GAR. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the  
matter? 10

It seems you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,  
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.

LOV. My lord, I love you;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labour,  
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd  
She'll with the labour end.

GAR. The fruit she goes with 20  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

LOV. Methinks I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

GAR. But, sir, sir,  
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,

13 *Some touch . . . business*] Some hint of the business that keeps you  
up so late.

21-22 *it may find Good time*] it may enjoy safe delivery.

28 *way*] religious persuasion.

'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, 30  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

LOV. Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,  
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,  
With which the time will load him. The archbishop  
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak  
One syllable against him?

GAR. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured 40  
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,  
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have  
Incensed the lords o' the council that he is —  
For so I know he is, they know he is —  
A most arch-heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land: with which they moved  
Have broken with the king; who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace  
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded 50  
To-morrow morning to the council-board

33 *remark'd*] noted, prominent.

36 *in the gap and trade*] the open road, the beaten track; "trade" often means "a trodden path."

43 *Incensed . . . that he is*] Roused the lords of the council by suggesting that he is. Cf. *Much Ado*, V, i, 223: "*incensed* me to slander the lady Hero."

47 *broken with*] broken silence with, informed.

He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

LOV. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your ser-  
vant. *[Exeunt Gardiner and Page.]*

*Enter KING and SUFFOLK*

KING. Charles, I will play no more to-night;  
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

SUF. Sir, I did never win of you before.

KING. But little, Charles,  
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. 60  
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

LOV. I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks  
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.

KING. What say'st thou, ha?  
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

LOV. So said her woman, and that her sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.

KING. Alas, good lady!

SUF. God safely quit her of her burthen, and 70  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!

KING. 'T is midnight, Charles;  
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember

*52 convented]* summoned or convened (to meet his accusers).

*68-69 her sufferance . . . each pang a death]* Cf. II, iii, 15-16, *supra*:

“his a sufferance panging As soul and body's severing.”

The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;  
 For I must think of that which company  
 Would not be friendly to.

SUF. I wish your highness  
 A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
 Remember in my prayers.

KING. Charles, good night.

*[Exit Suffolk.]*

*Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY*

Well, sir, what follows?

DEN. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, 80  
 As you commanded me.

KING. Ha! Canterbury?

DEN. Ay, my good lord.

KING. 'T is true: where is he, Denny?

DEN. He attends your highness' pleasure.

KING. Bring him to us.

*[Exit Denny.]*

LOV. *[Aside]* This is about that which the bishop  
 spake:

I am happily come hither.

*Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER*

KING. Avoid the gallery. *[Lovell seems to stay.]* Ha! I  
 have said. Be gone.

What! *[Exeunt Lovell and Denny.]*

CRAN. *[Aside]* I am fearful: wherefore frowns he  
 thus?

'T is his aspect of terror. All's not well.

KING. How now, my lord! you do desire to know  
Wherefore I sent for you.

CRAN. [*Kneeling*] It is my duty 90  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

KING. Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;  
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.  
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,  
Have moved us and our council, that you shall 100  
This morning come before us; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,  
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

CRAN. [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness;  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff 110  
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,

106 *a brother of us*] a brother member of the Privy Council.

110-111 *Most thoroughly . . . asunder*] Cf. *Matthew*, III, 12; "whose  
fan is in his hand, and he will *thoroughly* purge his floor, and gather  
his wheat into the garner: but he will burn up the *chaff*."

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues  
Than I myself, poor man.

KING. Stand up, good Canterbury:  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:  
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holiday,  
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you, 120  
Without indurance further.

CRAN. Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

KING. Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole  
world?

114-115 *rooted In us*] rooted in our minds.

116 *by my holiday*] Shakespeare uses the form "halidom" in *Two Gent.*, IV, ii, 131. The word literally means "state of holiness," and the phrase is equivalent to "i' faith."

121 *indurance*] imprisonment, for which Shakespeare frequently uses the word "durance." The form "indurance" seems to come from Foxe's *Actes and Monumentes*, 1576, Vol. II, p. 1759, Col. ii, where a full account is given of the arrest of Archbishop Cranmer and his conversation with the king. The speeches of the king in this Scene reproduce Foxe's words with much literalness.

122 *The good I stand on*] The advantage on which I rely.

123 *with mine enemies*] in partnership with mine enemies.

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices  
 Must bear the same proportion; and not ever  
 The justice and the truth o' the question carries 130  
 The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease  
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
 To swear against you? Such things have been done.  
 You are potently opposed, and with a malice  
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
 I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,  
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived  
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;  
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
 And woo your own destruction.

CRAN. God and your majesty 140  
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
 The trap is laid for me!

KING. Be of good cheer;  
 They shall no more prevail than we give way to.  
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
 You do appear before them. If they shall chance,  
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
 The best persuasions to the contrary  
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
 The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties  
 Will render you no remedy, this ring 150  
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
 There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!  
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!

128 *practices*] plots.

129 *not ever*] not always.

I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul  
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,  
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has  
strangled  
His language in his tears.

*Enter Old Lady; Lovell following*

GENT. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?

OLD L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring  
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels  
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person          160  
Under their blessed wings!

KING.                                Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
Say, ay, and of a boy.

OLD L.                              Ay, ay, my liege;  
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her! 't is a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like you  
As cherry is to cherry.

KING.                                Lovell!

Lov.                                        Sir?

KING. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.  
*[Exit.*

162 *Is the queen deliver'd?*] Queen Anne Boleyn gave birth to Princess Elizabeth on September 7, 1533.

164 *a lovely boy*] The old lady in her perturbation makes this error, which she hastens to correct.

167 *and to be*] and (desires you) to be.



OLD L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha'  
more. 171

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II — BEFORE THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER

*Pursuivants, Pages, &c., attending*

*Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury*

CRAN. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentle-  
man  
That was sent to me from the council pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!  
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

*Enter Keeper*

KEEP. Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.  
CRAN. Why?

*Enter DOCTOR BUTTS*

KEEP. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.  
CRAN. So.

---

176 *While it is hot*] A reference to the proverb "Strike while the iron's hot."

BUTTS. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad  
I came this way so happily: the king  
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*]

CRAN. [*Aside*] 'T is Butts, 10  
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me —  
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice —  
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me  
Wait else at door, a fellow-councillor,  
'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above*

BUTTS. I'll show your grace the strangest sight —

KING. What's that, Butts? 20

BUTTS. I think your highness saw this many a day.

KING. Body o' me, where is it?

BUTTS. There, my lord:  
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages and footboys.

KING. Ha! 't is he, indeed:  
Is this the honour they do one another?

'T is well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

13 *sound*] proclaim.

19 (stage direction) *at a window above*] It was not uncommon for a large room to have a window high up in the wall, from which persons in another chamber could overlook proceedings. The king and Butts now appeared on the balcony at the back of the stage.

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,  
 At least good manners, as not thus to suffer  
 A man of his place and so near our favour 30  
 To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:  
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;  
 We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III — THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER

*Enter* LORD CHANCELLOR, *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for CANTERBURY'S seat; DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door*

CHAN. Speak to the business, master secretary:  
 Why are we met in council?

CROM. Please your honours,  
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

GAR. Has he had knowledge of it?

CROM. Yes.

NOR. Who waits there?

KEEP. Without, my noble lords?

28 *parted*] divided, shared.

34 *the curtain*] the curtain of the window, behind which the king and Butts secrete themselves. A curtain hung in front of the balcony at the back of the stage.

SCENE III. The Folios make no new scene to begin here. This scenic division, which seems necessary, was first suggested by Pope.

GAR. Yes.

KEEP. My lord archbishop;  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

CHAN. Let him come in.

KEEP. Your grace may enter now.  
[*Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.*]

CHAN. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry  
To sit here at this present and behold  
That chair stand empty: but we all are men, 10  
In our own natures frail and capable  
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chap-  
lains, —  
For so we are inform'd, — with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

GAR. Which reformation must be sudden too, 20  
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,  
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,

9 *at this present*] at this moment.

11–12 *capable Of our flesh*] susceptible to the temptations of the flesh.

14 *misdemean'd*] misbehaved, misconducted.

22 *Pace . . . hands*] Do not guide them in their paces by merely leading them by the bridle.

24 *obey the manage*] obey the horseman's control. "Manage" is the

Out of our easiness and childish pity  
 To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,  
 Farewell all physic: and what follows then?  
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
 Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours,  
 The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30  
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

CRAN. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
 And with no little study, that my teaching  
 And the strong course of my authority  
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
 Was ever to do well: nor is there living,  
 I speak it with a single heart, my lords,  
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
 Both in his private conscience and his place, 40  
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
 Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make  
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment  
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,

technical term applied to the art of training a horse, and to the whole range of equestrian exercises.

25 *Out of our easiness*] owing to our gentleness.

30 *The upper Germany*] In Foxe's *Actes* (Vol. II, p. 1759) Cranmer's enemies warn the king that tolerance of heresy might call forth "horrible *commotions and uprores* like in some partes of Germanie it did not long agoe." Foxe was doubtless referring to the fanatical outbreak in Thuringia and Saxony, led by Thomas Münzer, the anabaptist pastor of Mühlhausen in 1525.

38 *single*] single-minded, sincere.

Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

SUF. Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be: you are a councillor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

GAR. My lord, because we have business of more  
moment,  
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

CRAN. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;  
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, 60  
You are so merciful. I see your end;  
'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition:  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

GAR. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary; 70

50 *by that virtue*] in virtue of that position.

59 *pass*] prevail.

64 *with modesty again*] with gentleness, back again to the true fold.

67-68 *I make . . . daily wrongs*] The meaning is that my doubt of  
clearing myself is as small as your scruples are in daily wrongdoing.

That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

CROM. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

GAR. Good master secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

CROM. Why, my lord?

GAR. Do not I know you for a favourer 80  
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

CROM. Not sound?

GAR. Not sound, I say.

CROM. Would you were half so honest!  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

GAR. I shall remember this bold language.

CROM. Do.  
Remember your bold life too.

CHAN. This is too much;  
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

GAR. I have done.

71-72 *your painted gloss . . . weakness*] Those that understand you discover in your specious plausible rhetoric mere talk and feeble reasoning.

78 *I cry your honour mercy*] I beg your pardon.

85-86 CHAN. *This is too much . . . my lords*] The Folios give this speech, like lines 87-91, to CHAM., *i. e.*, Chamberlain. Capell transferred both speeches to the chancellor; such a transference seems required by the tone of the chancellor's explanation to the king of this procedure for Cranmer's committal (lines 147-153).

CROM. And I.

CHAN. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,  
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;  
There to remain till the king's further pleasure 90  
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?

ALL. We are.

CRAN. Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

GAR. What other  
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.  
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard*

CRAN. For me?  
Must I go like a traitor thither?

GAR. Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

CRAN. Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;  
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

CHAM. This is the king's ring.

SUR. 'T is no counterfeit.

SUF. 'T is the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,  
'T would fall upon ourselves.

<sup>102</sup> *the king's ring*] In medieval and renaissance days the kings were constantly credited with the possession of a ring, which freed any on whom it was bestowed from all processes of law. Ownership of the king's ring could be pleaded as a royal pardon.



NOR. Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

CHAM. 'T is now too certain:  
How much more is his life in value with him?  
Would I were fairly out on't!

CROM. My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations 110  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

*Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat*

GAR. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to  
heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,  
Not only good and wise, but most religious:  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgement comes to hear 120  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

KING. You were ever good at sudden commendations,  
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not  
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence  
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

109 *gave me*] gave me to understand, suggested to me.

125 *They*] "They" are the "sudden commendations" (*i. e.*, impromptu flatteries) of line 122.

*bare*] Malone's emendation of the Folio reading *base*.

To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;  
 But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure  
 Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[To Cranmer] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the  
 proudest 130

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:  
 By all that's holy, he had better starve  
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

SUR. May it please your grace, —

KING. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought I had had men of some understanding  
 And wisdom of my council; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
 This good man, — few of you deserve that title, —

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
 At chamber-door? and one as great as you are? 140

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission  
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
 Power as he was a councillor to try him,  
 Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity,  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;  
 Which ye shall never have while I live.

CHAN. Thus far,  
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace

133 *this place*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *his place*. Malone  
 defends the Folio reading, understanding the king to warn hearers  
 against thinking the places they fill would not equally well suit  
 Cranmer.

146 *mean*] means, opportunity.

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed  
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150  
 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial  
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice,  
 I'm sure, in me.

KING. Well, well, my lords, respect him;  
 Take him and use him well; he's worthy of it.  
 I will say thus much for him, if a prince  
 May be beholding to a subject, I  
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:  
 Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canter-  
 bury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me; 160  
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;  
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

CRAN. The greatest monarch now alive may  
 glory  
 In such an honour: how may I deserve it,  
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

KING. Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your  
 spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you;  
 the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dor-  
 set: will these please you?

---

166 *your spoons*] the usual gifts of sponsors at a christening; usually they were gilt spoons with figures of the twelve Apostles carved on the handles, and were hence known as Apostles' spoons. As a matter of fact, Archbishop Cranmer's christening gift to the Princess Elizabeth was, according to Holinshed, "a standing cup of gold," *i. e.*, a cup on a stand or pedestal. Cf. V, v, opening stage direction, *infra*.

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you, 170  
Embrace and love this man.

GAR. With a true heart  
And brother-love I do it.

CRAN. And let heaven  
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

KING. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true  
heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus: "Do my Lord of Canterbury  
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain; 180  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV — THE PALACE YARD

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man*

PORT. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do  
you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves,  
leave your gaping.

[*Within*] "Good master porter, I belong to the larder."

175-177 *The common voice . . . for ever*] According to Foxe's *Actes*,  
1576 (Vol. II, p. 1756), Cranmer's meekness "came into a *common*  
*prouerbe*: 'Do vnto my Lord of Canterbury displeasure or a *shrewed*  
*turne*, and then you may be sure to haue him *your frend* whiles he  
lyueth.'" "Shrewd" means "evil."

2 *Paris-garden*] a popular resort on the Bank-side in Southwark near  
the Globe Theatre. The garden's chief attraction was bear-baiting,

PORT. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

MAN. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible —

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons — 11  
To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning; which will never be:  
We as may well push against Powle's as stir 'em.

PORT. How got they in, and be hang'd?

MAN. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?  
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot —  
You see the poor remainder — could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

PORT. You did nothing, sir.

MAN. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

---

a sport which attracted disorderly audiences; cf. the modern use of the word "bear-garden." The first three Folios read *Parish Garden*, which the Fourth Folio corrected.

3 *gaping*] bawling.

4 *I belong to the larder*] I am an officer of the royal larder (and want to go out).

13 *May-day morning*] observed from dawn of day by all ranks of society as a public festival or holiday.

14 *Powle's*] The old spelling of "Paul's," the common name of St. Paul's Cathedral.

20 *Sir Guy . . . Colbrand*] heroes of the familiar romance of Sir Guy of Warwick, whose chief exploit was his triumph, in a duel at Winchester, over the Danish giant Colbrand.

To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any 21  
 That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
 He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
 Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;  
 And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Within*] "Do you hear, master porter?"

PORT. I shall be with you presently, good master  
 puppy. Keep the door closed, sirrah.

MAN. What would you have me do? 29

PORT. What should you do, but knock 'em down by  
 the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have  
 we some strange Indian with the great tool come to  
 court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry  
 of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience,  
 this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be  
 father, godfather, and all together.

MAN. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a

24 *a chine*] sc. of beef, a good joint of meat.

25 *And . . . God save her*] a rustic mode of asseveration. "O I would  
 not do that for a cow save her tail," is said to be commonly heard  
 among Devonshire peasants by way of emphatic refusal.

31 *Moorfields*] a wide open space which served as muster-ground or  
 parade ground for the citizen soldiers of London.

32 *some strange Indian*] doubtless a reference to a native of New  
 England brought to England in 1611, called Epenew. His large  
 proportions attracted attention, and "being a man of so great a  
 stature," he was "showed up and down London for money as  
 a wonder." See Smith's *Historie of New England*, ed. 1907,  
 ii, 7.

33 *a fry*] a swarm.

37 *The spoons*] The christening spoons. Cf. V, iii, 166, *supra*.

fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out "Clubs!"

38 *a brazier*] a play upon the word in its two senses of a worker in brass and a portable stove.

39-40 *by his face . . . now reigns in 's nose*] his nose is red-hot like burning coal. Cf. Falstaff's description of Bardolph's face, *1 Hen. IV*, III, iii, 41-42: "an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast savéd me a thousand marks in links and torches."

41 *under the line*] under the equator, where the heat is greatest.

41-42 *fire-drake*] fiery dragon. The word is sometimes applied to the will-o'-the-wisp or "ignis fatuus" and sometimes to a meteor in the heavens. Falstaff likens Bardolph to "an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire," *1 Hen. IV*, III, iii, 39.

44 *a mortar-piece . . . us*] a piece of ordnance to blow us up.

46 *pinked porringer*] a cap ornamented with eyelet holes, resembling the perforated lid of the pot or dish in which porridge was commonly served. Porringer-caps, which were also known as Milan-bonnets, were fashionable forms of headgear. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, IV, iii, 64: "the cap . . . was moulded on a *porringer*," and note.

47 *the meteor*] a further reference to the "brazier" (38) and "fire-drake" (41).

48 "Clubs"] the cry of the London apprentices and roysterers generally, when they called their mates to their assistance in street affrays. Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, I, iii, 83: "I'll call for *clubs* if you will not away."

when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 56

PORT. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

53 *loose shot*] random marksmen.

55 *win the work*] win the fort: "work" was frequently used for outwork in fortification.

59 *the tribulation . . . Limehouse*] both expressions doubtless refer to disorderly bands of ruffians, who infested Tower Hill and Limehouse. Tower Hill enjoyed an unenviable reputation for turbulence, while Limehouse was infested by disorderly sailors. The playgoing youth of James I's day were often noisy and violent enough to justify identification with these street pests.

61 *in Limbo Patrum*] a jocular term for "prison," or perhaps here the "stocks." Literally, "limbus Patrum" was applied by the Schoolmen to the place in purgatory occupied by the patriarchs of the Old Testament, who flourished before the coming of Christ.

62 *the running banquet*] the course of whipping at the beadle's hands. For "running banquet," cf. I, iv, 12, *supra*.



*Enter* LORD CHAMBERLAIN

CHAM. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!  
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,  
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,  
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand,  
fellows!

There's a trim rabble let in: are all these  
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have  
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, 70  
When they pass back from the christening.

PORT. An't please your honour,  
We are but men; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:  
An army cannot rule 'em.

CHAM. As I live,  
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves;  
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when  
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;  
They're come already from the christening: 80  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out

67 *made a fine hand*] made a nice mess of it.

75-76 *lay ye all By the heels*] put you all in the stocks.

78 *baiting of bombards*] tormenting, or attacking, the great leather vessels holding liquor; tipping freely. "Bombards" are "black-jacks," big leather bottles. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 436, "that huge bombard of sack."

81 *press*] crowd or mob. Cf. *IV. i*, 78, *supra*.

To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find  
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

PORT. Make way there for the princess.

MAN. You great fellow,  
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

PORT. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;  
I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE V — THE PALACE

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks*

GART. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send  
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and  
mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

83 *A Marshalsea . . . play*] a prison shall keep you employed. The  
Marshalsea was the chief prison of Southwark.

86 *camlet*] a light woollen material, originally made of camel's hair.

87 *I'll peck . . . else*] I'll pitch you over the palings else. "Peck" and  
"pick" were both used in the sense of "pitch."

(stage direction) *standing-bowls*] bowls on stands, on feet or pedestals.

1-3 *Heaven . . . Elizabeth*] These words are taken with little change

*Flourish. Enter KING and Guard*

CRAN. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the  
good queen,  
My noble partners and myself thus pray:  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

KING. Thank you, good lord archbishop:  
What is her name?

CRAN. Elizabeth.

KING. Stand up, lord.

*[The King kisses the child.]*

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! 10  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

CRAN. Amen.

KING. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:  
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

CRAN. Let me speak, sir,  
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant — heaven still move about her! —  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be — 20  
But few now living can behold that goodness —  
A pattern to all princes living with her,

from Holinshed's account of the christening of Princess Elizabeth,  
which took place on September 10, 1533, three days after her birth.  
12 *gossips*] sponsors, god-parents.

And all that shall succeed: Saba was never  
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue  
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,  
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
 With all the virtues that attend the good,  
 Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,  
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:  
 She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;  
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, 31  
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with  
 her:

In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
 Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:  
 God shall be truly known; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when

23 *Saba*] The Queen of Sheba, who came to hear the wisdom of Solomon. "Sheba" figures as "Saba" in the Vulgate. Sabaeans for the people of Sheba is retained in the Authorised Version. The form "Saba" is common in Elizabethan poetry.

27 *piece*] model or pattern, with the meaning of supreme excellence.

33-34 *In her days . . . plants*] Cf. *Micah*, IV, 4: "But they shall sit every man under his vine . . . and none shall make them afraid."

37 *ways*] the Fourth Folio correction of *way*, the reading of the earlier Folios, which the employment of *those* in the next line renders impossible. For the expression, cf. III, ii, 436, *supra*, "the *ways* of glory."

39-55 *Nor shall this peace . . . wonders*] These seventeen lines, which pass from the praise of Elizabeth to that of James I, were possibly interpolated after the piece was first completed. They abound in

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 40  
 Her ashes new create another heir  
 As great in admiration as herself,  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one —  
 When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness —  
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him.  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, 50  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches

---

obsequious compliments to the reigning sovereign and have very little relevance to the context. Cf. Cranmer's speech (lines 56-62), which continues the reference to Queen Elizabeth.

40 *the maiden phoenix*] the phoenix which has no mate. The phoenix, according to the familiar classical myth, was consumed by fire at certain intervals, and was recreated from its own ashes. Cf. *Tempest*, III, iii, 21-24.

42 *As great in admiration*] As greatly to be admired. "Admiration" connotes in Elizabethan English both wonder and veneration.

52 *make new nations*] A possible reference to the contemporary colonisation of Virginia, which was first placed on a permanent basis by the promulgation, in 1607, of a royal charter which formally placed a large tract of North America under English dominion. A contemporary portrait of James I, now in the possession of the Earl of Verulam, entitles James "imperii Atlantici conditor."

53 *reach his branches*] a possible reference to the extension of James I's family connections through the marriage in 1613 of his eldest daughter Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine.

To all the plains about him. Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

KING. Thou speakest wonders.

CRAN. She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more! but she must die;  
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin, 60  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

KING. O lord archbishop,  
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing.  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.  
I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,  
And your good brethren, I am much beholding; 70  
I have received much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:  
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:  
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

56 *She shall be*] Cranmer continues the eulogy of Queen Elizabeth,  
which was interrupted at line 39.

65 *did I get any thing*] did I beget any offspring of credit to me. The  
style here is feeble.

70 *your good brethren*] the aldermen. The Folios read *you good  
brethren*, which has been judged to be too a familiar form of address  
in the mouth of the king. Theobald substituted *your* for *you*.

## THE EPILOGUE

'T is ten to one this play can never please  
 All that are here: some come to take their ease,  
 And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,  
 We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is clear,  
 They'll say 't is naught: others, to hear the city  
 Abused extremely, and to cry "That's witty!"  
 Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,  
 All the expected good we're like to hear  
 For this play at this time, is only in  
 The merciful construction of good women;  
 For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,                   10  
 And say 't will do, I know, within a while  
 All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,  
 If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

11 *such a one we show'd 'em*] such (a good woman) we presented in  
 Queen Katharine.

14 *hold*] refrain.















